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A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

In Three Books.—Splendidly Illustrated.

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BOOK I.

RECALLED TO LIFE.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PREPARATION.

WHEN the mail got successfully to Dover, in the course of the forenoon, the head-drawer at the Royal George Hotel opened the coach-door, as his custom was. He did it with some flourish of ceremony, for a mail journey from London in winter was an achievement to congratulate an adventurous traveler upon.

By that time there was only one adventurous traveler left to be congratulated; for the two others had been set down at their respective roadside destinations. The mildewy inside of the coach, with its damp and dirty straw, its disagreeable smell, and its obscurity, was rather like a larger sort of dog-kennel. Mr. Lorry, the passenger, shaking himself out of it, in chains of straw, a tangle of shaggy wrapper, flapping hat, and muddy legs, was rather like a larger sort of dog.

"There will be a packet to Calais to-morrow, drawer?"

"Yes, Sir, if the weather holds and the wind sets tolerable fair. The tide will serve pretty nicely at about two in the afternoon, Sir. Bed, Sir?"

"I shall not go to bed till night; but I want a bedroom, and a barber."

"And then breakfast, Sir? Yes, Sir. That way, Sir, if you please. Show Concord! Gentleman's valise and hot water to Concord. Pull off gentleman's boots in Concord. (You will find a fine sea-coal fire, Sir.) Fetch barber to Concord. Stir about there, now, for Concord!"

The Concord bed-chamber being always assigned to a passenger by the mail, and passengers by the mail being always heavily wrapped up from head to foot, the room had the odd interest for the establishment of the Royal George, that although but one kind of man was seen to go into it, all kinds and varieties of men came out of it. Consequently, another drawer, and two porters, and several maids, and the landlady, were all loitering by accident at various points of the road between the Concord and the coffee-room, when a gentleman of sixty, formally dressed in a brown suit of clothes, pretty well worn, but very well kept, with large square cuffs and large flaps to the pockets, passed along on his way to his breakfast.

The coffee-room had no other occupant, that forenoon, than the gentleman in brown. His breakfast-table was drawn before the fire, and as he sat, with its light shining on him, waiting for the meal, he sat so still that he might have been sitting for his portrait.

Very orderly and methodical he looked, with a hand on each knee, and a loud watch ticking a sonorous sermon under his flapped waistcoat, as though it pitted its gravity and longevity against the levity and evanescence of the brisk fire. He had a good leg, and was a little vain of it, for his brown stockings fitted sleek and close, and were of a fine texture; his shoes and buckles, too, though plain, were trim. He wore an odd little sleek crisp flaxen wig, setting very close to his head: which wig, it is to be presumed, was made of hair, but which looked far more as though it were spun from filaments of silk or glass. His linen, though not of a fineness in accordance with his stockings, was as white as the tops of the waves that broke upon the neighboring beach, or the specks of sail that glinted in the sunlight far at sea. A face, habitually suppressed and quieted, was still lighted up under the quaint wig by a pair of moist bright eyes that it must have cost their owner, in years gone by, some pains to drill to the composed and reserved expression of Tellson's Bank. He had a healthy color in his cheeks, and his face, though lined, bore few traces of anxiety. But perhaps the confidential bachelor clerks in Tellson's Bank were principally occupied with the cares of other people; and perhaps second-hand cares, like second-hand clothes, come easily off and on.

Completing his resemblance to a man who was sitting for his portrait, Mr. Lorry dropped off asleep. The arrival of his breakfast roused him, and he said to the drawer, as he moved his chair to it:

"I wish accommodation prepared for a young lady who may come here at any time to-day. She may ask for Mr. Jarvis Lorry, or she may only ask for a gentleman from Tellson's Bank. Please to let me know."

"Yes, Sir. Tellson's Bank in London, Sir."

"Yes."

"Yes, Sir. We have oftentimes the honor to entertain your gentlemen in their traveling backward and forward betwixt London and Paris, Sir. A vast deal of traveling, Sir, in Tellson and Company's House."

"Yes. We are quite a French house as well as an English one."

"Yes, Sir. Not much in the habit of such traveling yourself, I think, Sir?"

"Not of late years. It is fifteen years since we—since I—came last from France."

"Indeed, Sir! That was before my time here, Sir. Before our people's time here, Sir. The George was in other hands at that time, Sir."

"I believe so."

"But I would hold a pretty wager, Sir, that a House like Tellson and Company was flourishing, a matter of fifty, not to speak of fifteen years ago?"

"You might treble that, and say a hundred and fifty, yet not be far from the truth."

"Indeed, Sir!"

Rounding his mouth and both his eyes, as he stepped backward from the table, the waiter shifted his napkin from his right arm to his left, dropped into a comfortable attitude, and stood surveying the guest while he ate and drank, as from an observatory or watch-tower. According to the immemorial usage of waiters in all ages.

When Mr. Lorry had finished his breakfast he went out for a stroll on the beach. The little narrow, crooked town of Dover hid itself away from the beach, and ran its head into the chalk-cliffs, like a marine ostrich. The beach was a desert of heaps of sea and stones tumbling wildly about, and the sea did what it liked, and what it liked was destruction. It thundered at the town, and thundered at the cliffs, and brought the coast down madly. The air among the houses was of so strong a piscatory flavor that one might have supposed sick fish went up to be dipped in it, as sick people went down to be dipped in the sea. A little fishing was done in the port, and a quantity of strolling about by night, and looking seaward: particularly at those times when the tide made, and was near flood. Small tradesmen, who did no business whatever, sometimes unaccountably realized large fortunes, and it was remarkable that nobody in the neighborhood could endure a lamplighter.

As the day declined into the afternoon, and the air, which had been at intervals clear enough to allow the French coast to be seen, became again charged with mist and vapor, Mr. Lorry's thoughts seemed to cloud too. When it was dark, and he sat before the coffee-room fire awaiting his dinner as he had awaited his breakfast, his mind was busily digging, digging, digging in the live red coals.

A bottle of good claret after dinner does a digger in the red coals no harm, otherwise than as it has a tendency to throw him out of work. Mr. Lorry had been idle a long time, and had just poured out his last glassful of wine, with as complete an appearance of satisfaction as is ever to be found in an elderly gentleman of a fresh complexion who has got to the end of a bottle, when a rattling of wheels came up the narrow street and rumbled into the inn-yard.

He set down his glass untouched. "This is Mam'selle!" said he.

In a very few minutes the waiter came in to announce that Miss Manette had arrived from London, and would be glad to see the gentleman from Tellson's.

"So soon?"

Miss Manette had taken some refreshment on the road, and required none then, and was extremely anxious to see the gentleman from Tellson's immediately if it suited his pleasure and convenience.

The gentleman from Tellson's had nothing left for it but to empty his glass with an air of stolid desperation, settle his odd little flaxen wig at the ears, and follow the waiter to Miss Manette's apartment. It was a large, dark room, furnished in a funereal manner with black horse-hair, and loaded with heavy dark tables. These had been oiled and oiled until the two tall candles on the table in the middle of the room were gloomily reflected on every leaf; as if *they* were buried in deep graves of black mahogany, and no light to speak of could be expected from them until they were dug out.

The obscurity was so difficult to penetrate that Mr. Lorry, picking his way over the well-worn Turkey carpet, supposed Miss Manette to be, for the moment, in some adjacent room, until, having got past the two tall candles, he saw standing to receive him by the table between them and the fire, a young lady of not more than seventeen, in a riding-cloak, and still holding her straw traveling-hat by its ribbon in her hand. As his eyes rested on a short, slight, pretty figure, a quantity of golden hair, a pair of blue eyes that met his own with an inquiring look, and a forehead with a singular capacity (remembering how young and smooth it was), of lifting and knitting itself into an expression that was not quite one of perplexity, or wonder, or alarm, or merely of a bright fixed attention, though it included all the four expressions—as his eyes rested on these things, a sudden vivid likeness passed before him, of a child whom he had held in his arms on the passage across that very Channel, one cold time, when the hail drifted heavily and the sea ran high. The likeness passed away, say, like a breath along the surface of the gaunt pier-glass behind her, on the frame of which a hospital procession of negro cupids, several headless and all cripples, were offering black baskets of Dead-Sea fruit to black divinities of the feminine gender—and he made his formal bow to Miss Manette.

"Pray take a seat, Sir." In a very clear and pleasant young voice: a little foreign in its accent, but a very little indeed.

"I kiss your hand, miss," said Mr. Lorry, with the manners of an earlier date, as he made his formal bow again, and took his seat.

"I received a letter from the Bank, Sir, yesterday, informing me that some new intelligence—or discovery—"

"The word is not material, miss; either word will do."

"—respecting the small property of my poor father whom I never saw—so long dead—"

Mr. Lorry moved in his chair, and cast a troubled look toward the hospital procession of negro cupids. As if *they* had any help for any body in their absurd baskets!

"—rendered it necessary that I should go to Paris, there to communicate with a gentleman of the Bank, so good as to be dispatched to Paris for the purpose."

"Myself."

"As I was prepared to hear, Sir."

She courtesied to him (young ladies made courtesies in those days), with a pretty desire to convey to him that she felt how much older and wiser he was than she. He made her another bow.

"I replied to the Bank, Sir, that as it was considered necessary, by those who know, and who are so kind as to advise me, that I should go to France, and that as I am an orphan and have no friend who could go with me, I should esteem it highly if I might be permitted to place myself, during the journey, under that worthy gentleman's protection. The gentleman had left London, but I think a messenger was sent after him to beg the favor of his waiting for me here."

"I was happy," said Mr. Lorry, "to be intrusted with the charge. I shall be more happy to execute it."

"Sir, I thank you indeed. I thank you very gratefully. It was told me by the Bank that the gentleman would explain to me the details of the business, and that I must prepare myself to find them of a surprising nature. I have done my best to prepare myself, and I naturally have a strong and eager interest to know what they are."

"Naturally," said Mr. Lorry. "Yes—I—"

After a pause he added, again settling the crisp flaxen wig at the ears:

"It is very difficult to begin."

"HE FELT HIS WRIST HELD CLOSER, AND HE STOPPED."

He did not begin, but, in his indecision, met her glance. The young forehead lifted itself into that singular expression—but it was pretty and characteristic, besides being singular—and she raised her hand, as if with an involuntary action she caught at or stayed some passing shadow.

"Are you quite a stranger to me, Sir?"

"Am I not?" Mr. Lorry opened his hands, and extended them outward with an argumentative smile.

Between the eyebrows and just over the little feminine nose, the line of which was as delicate and fine as it was possible to be, the expression deepened itself as she took her seat thoughtfully in the chair by which she had hitherto remained standing. He watched her as she mused, and, the moment she raised her eyes again, went on:

"In your adopted country, I presume, I can not do better than address you as a young English lady, Miss Manette?"

"If you please, Sir."

"Miss Manette, I am a man of business. I have a business charge to acquit myself of. In your reception of it don't heed me any more than if I was a speaking-machine—truly I am not much else. I will, with your leave, relate to you, miss, the story of one of our customers."

"Story!"

He seemed willfully to mistake the word she had repeated, when he added, in a hurry, "Yes, customers; in the banking business we usually call our connection our customers. He was a French gentleman; a scientific gentleman; a man of great acquirements—a Doctor."

"Not of Beauvais?"

"Why, yes, of Beauvais. Like Monsieur Manette, your father, the gentleman was of Beauvais. Like Monsieur Manette, your father, the gentleman was of repute in Paris. I had the honor of knowing him there. Our relations were business relations, but confidential. I was at that time in our French House, and had been—oh! twenty years."

"At that time—I may ask at what time, Sir?"

"I speak, miss, of twenty years ago. He married—an English lady—and I was one of the trustees. His affairs, like the affairs of many other French gentlemen and French families, were entirely in Tellson's hands. In a similar way I am, or I have been, trustee of one kind or other for scores of our customers. These are mere business relations, miss; there is no friendship in them, no particular interest, nothing like sentiment. I have passed from one to another, in the course of my business life, just as I pass from one of our customers to another in the course of my business day; in short, I have no feelings; I am a mere machine. To go on—"

"But this is my father's story, Sir; and I begin to think"—the curiously roughened forehead was very intent upon him—"that when I was left an orphan, through my mother's surviving my father only two years, it was you who brought me to England. I am almost sure it was you."

Mr. Lorry took the hesitating little hand that confidingly advanced to take his, and he put it with some ceremony to his lips. He then conducted the young lady straightway to her chair again, and, holding the chair-back with his left hand, and using his right by turns to rub his chin, pull his wig at the ears, or point what he said, stood looking down into her face, while she sat looking up into his.

"Miss Manette, it *was* I. And you will see how truly I spoke of myself just now, in saying I had no feelings, and that all the relations I hold with my fellow-creatures are mere business relations, when you reflect that I have never seen you since. No; you have been the ward of Tellson's House since, and I have been busy with the other business of Tellson's House since. Feelings! I have no time for them, no chance of them. I pass my whole life, miss, in turning an immense pecuniary Mangle."

After this odd description of his daily routine of employment Mr. Lorry flattened his flaxen wig upon his head with both hands (which was most unnecessary, for nothing could be flatter than its shining surface was before), and resumed his former attitude.

"So far, miss (as you have remarked), this is the story of your regretted father. Now comes the difference. If your father had not died when he did— Don't be frightened! How you start!"

She did indeed start. And she caught his wrist with both her hands.

"Pray," said Mr. Lorry, in a soothing tone, bringing his left hand from the back of the chair to lay it on the supplicatory fingers that clasped him in so violent a tremble: "pray control your agitation—a matter of business. As I was saying—"

Her look so discomposed him that he stopped, wandered, and began anew:

"As I was saying; if Monsieur Manette had not died; if he had suddenly and silently disappeared; if he had been spirited away; if it had not been difficult to guess to what dreadful place, though no art could trace him; if he had an enemy in some compatriot who could exercise a privilege that I in my own time have known the boldest people afraid to speak of in a whisper, across the water, there; for instance, the privilege of filling up blank forms for the consignment of any one to the oblivion of a prison for any length of time; if his wife had implored the king, the queen, the court, the clergy, for any tidings of him, and all quite in vain — then the history of your father would have been the history of this unfortunate gentleman, the Doctor of Beauvais."

"I entreat you to tell me more, Sir."

"I will. I am going to. You can bear it?"

"I can bear any thing but the uncertainty you leave me in at this moment."

"You speak collectedly, and you—*are* collected. That's good." (Though his manner was less satisfied than his words.) "A matter of business. Regard it as a matter of business—business that must be done. Now, if this Doctor's wife, though a lady of great courage and spirit, had suffered so intensely from this cause before her little child was born—"

"The little child was a daughter, Sir."

"A daughter. A—a—matter of business—don't be distressed. Miss, if the poor lady had suffered so intensely before her little child was born, that she came to the determination of sparing the poor child the inheritance of any part of the agony she had known the pains of, by rearing her in the belief that her father was dead— No, don't kneel! In Heaven's name why should you kneel to me!"

"For the truth. O dear, good, compassionate Sir, for the truth!"

"A—a matter of business. You confuse me, and how can I transact business if I am confused? Let us be clear-headed. If you could kindly mention now, for instance, what nine times ninepence are, or how many shillings in twenty guineas, it would be so encouraging. I should be so much more at my ease about your state of mind."

Without directly answering to this appeal, she sat so still when he had very gently raised her, and the hands that had not ceased to clasp his wrists were so much more steady than they had been, that she communicated some reassurance to Mr. Jarvis Lorry.

"That's right, that's right. Courage! Business! You have business before you; useful business. Miss Manette, your mother took this course with you. And when she died—I believe broken-hearted—having never slackened her unavailing search for your father, she left you, at two years old, to grow to be blooming, beautiful, and happy, without the dark cloud upon you of living in uncertainty whether your father soon wore his heart out in prison, or wasted there through many lingering years."

As he said the words he looked down, with an admiring pity, on the flowing, golden hair, as if he pictured to himself that it might have been already tinged with gray.

"You know that your parents had no great possessions, and that what they had was secured to your mother and to you. There has been no new discovery, of money or of any other property; but—"

He felt his wrist held closer, and he stopped. The expression in the forehead, which had so particularly attracted his notice, and which was now immovable, had deepened into one of pain and horror.

"But he has been—been found. He is alive. Greatly changed, it is too probable; almost a wreck, it is possible; though we will hope the best. Still alive. Your father has been taken to the house of an old servant in Paris, and we are going there; I, to identify him, if I can; you, to restore him to life, love, duty, rest, comfort."

A shiver ran through her frame, and from it through his. She said, in a low, distinct, awe-stricken voice, as if she were saying it in a dream:

"I am going to see his Ghost! It will be his Ghost—not him!"

Mr. Lorry quietly chafed the hands that held his arm. "There, there, there! See now, see now! The best and the worst are known to you now. You are well on your way to the poor wronged gentleman, and, with a fair sea voyage, and a fair land journey, you will be soon at his dear side."

She repeated in the same tone, sunk to a whisper, "I have been free, I have been happy, yet his Ghost has never haunted me!"

"Only one thing more," said Mr. Lorry, laying stress upon it as a wholesome means of inforcing her attention; "he has been found under another name, his own long forgotten or long concealed. It would be worse than useless now to inquire which; worse than useless to seek to know whether he has been for years overlooked, or always designedly held prisoner. It would be worse than useless now to make any inquiries, because it would be dangerous. Better not to mention the subject, any where or in any way, and to remove him—for a while, at all events—out of France. Even I, safe as an Englishman, and even Tellson's, important as they are to French credit, avoid all naming of the matter. I carry about me not a scrap of writing openly referring to it. This is a secret service altogether. My credentials, entries, and memoranda are all comprehended in the one line, 'Recalled to Life;' which may mean any thing. But what is the matter? She doesn't notice a word! Miss Manette!"

Perfectly still and silent, and not even fallen back in her chair, she sat under his hand, utterly insensible, with her eyes open and fixed upon him, and with that last expression looking as if it were carved or branded into her forehead. So close was her hold upon his arm, that he feared to detach himself lest he should hurt her; therefore he called out loudly for assistance without moving.

A wild-looking woman, whom, even in his agitation, Mr. Lorry observed to be all of a red color, and to have red hair, and to be dressed in some extraordinary tight-fitting fashion, and to have on her head a most wonderful bonnet like a Grenadier wooden measure, and good measure too, or a great Stilton cheese, came running into the room in advance of the inn servants, and soon settled the question of his detachment from the poor young lady, by laying a brawny hand upon his chest, and sending him flying back against the nearest wall.

("I really think this must be a man!" was Mr. Lorry's breathless reflection, simultaneously with his coming against the wall.)

"Why, look at you all!" bawled this figure, addressing the inn servants. "Why don't you go and fetch things, instead of standing there staring at me? I am not so much to look at, am I? Why don't you go and fetch things? I'll let you know, if you don't bring smelling-salts, cold water, and vinegar, quick, I will!"

There was an immediate dispersal for these restoratives, and she softly laid the patient on a sofa, and tended her with great skill and gentleness: calling her "my precious!" and "my bird!" and spreading her golden hair aside over her shoulders with great pride and care.

"And you in brown!" she said, indignantly turning on Mr. Lorry; "couldn't you tell her what you had to tell her without frightening her to death? Look at her, with her pretty pale face and her cold hands. Do you call *that* being a Banker?"

Mr. Lorry was so exceedingly disconcerted by a question so hard to answer, that he could only look on, at a distance, with much feebler sympathy and humility, while the strong woman, having banished the inn servants under the mysterious penalty of "letting them know" something not mentioned if they staid there, staring, recovered her charge by a regular series of gradations, and coaxed her to lay her drooping head upon her shoulder.

"I hope she will do well now," said Mr. Lorry.

"No thanks to you in brown, if she does. My darling pretty!"

"I hope," said Mr. Lorry, after another pause of feeble sympathy and humility, "that you accompany Miss Manette to France?"

"A likely thing, too!" replied the strong woman. "If it was ever intended that I should go across salt water, do you suppose Providence would have cast my lot in an island?"

This being another question hard to answer, Mr. Jarvis Lorry withdrew to consider it.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 14, 1859.

WAR IN EUROPE.

It seems that the die is cast. Austria, fortified in her position by the unequivocal sympathy manifested by the leaders of the British Parliament, and by the delays sought by the Emperor of the French, is not satisfied with Sardinia's promise to disarm in the manner pointed out by the Congress, but insists that her troublesome neighbor shall disarm within three days; and further, that she shall send home the volunteers who have been flocking to her standard for many weeks from all parts of Italy. Whether Sardinia could take steps toward a general disarmament in so brief a period of time is a question of some difficulty; there is none whatever in deciding that, in the present state of affairs, it is impossible for the Sardinian Government to send home the volunteers, or, indeed, to take any retrograde step whatever. Matters have reached such a crisis, and the temper of the Italian people has been roused to such a pitch, that the most probable result of any attempt to recede on the part of Sardinia would simply be the overthrow of the royal government and an outbreak of revolution.

The prospect, therefore, is decidedly warlike—more so than at any previous moment since New-Year. The chances are that by this time the cannon are firing on the Ticino.

That Austria had no choice but to take the bull by the horns and anticipate the declaration of war by Sardinia, the latest news from Italy goes far to prove. From Naples to Milan the Italian people were roused to fever heat. Hundreds of men were leaving the large cities daily for the Sardinian head-quarters. As usual in such cases, the enthusiasm was contagious. Nothing short of martial law could have long kept the citizens of Lombardo Venetia from bursting into armed revolt. Every day of suspense aggravated the danger. Should the first blow struck in a war be damaging to the Italian cause, Italian ardor will be sadly damped; Austria will then be in a much safer condition to negotiate than she is now. These reasons, combined with the encouragement afforded by the late debate in the British Parliament, are quite adequate to account for the bold step taken by Austria.

Should it lead—as it seems it must—to a war, we stand on the verge of the most terrible conflict the world has known since the days of the elder Napoleon. At the outset a war would involve only Austria, Sardinia, and France. But before it ended many other European nations would necessarily be directly or indirectly entangled in it. Even now all Germany is actively sympathizing with Austria, and quite prepared to take the field against the Emperor of the French. Napoleon the First is so well remembered in Germany, and the memory of the humiliations he imposed on the Germans is so vivid, that it would need but a slight pretext to induce the entire German Confederation to join Austria against his nephew. England and Russia occupy, thus far, a neutral position. Neither is interested in the settlement of Italy. Neither has motives of fear, favor, hate, or affection toward either of the great belligerents, to sway her policy. But should victory incline to the side of France, neither Great Britain nor Russia could be indifferent to the result.

Statesmen are well aware—and if they were not, history is there to teach them—that the conquest of Italy and the humiliation of Germany would render France a very dangerous Power indeed. The Emperor Napoleon—notoriously the master of Spain and Switzerland—would, if he added Italy and Austria to his virtual empire, become a potentate too powerful for the safety and the peace of his neighbors. To prevent that consummation, therefore, it may be fairly expected that neither Russia nor Great Britain would consent to see the humiliation of Austria; and as any such intervention on their part would be the natural sequel to brilliant successes on that of the French, it would not be surprising if the first result of such intervention was simply a challenge from the victor—leading, necessarily, to a renewal of the general war which desolated Europe half a century since.

Such themes are both painful and disgraceful to contemplate. If any thoughtful person will take the trouble to estimate the amount of individual suffering that would be the result of a two years' general war—to figure up the homes devastated, the families deprived of their head, the money which should have given daily bread to millions squandered on military engines and soldiers' pay, the men taken from peaceful occupations to be made food for powder, the injury done to commerce and industry, the check given to civilization and progress of all kinds—he will assuredly be appalled at the prospect.

THE THROAT PLAGUE.

A singular variety of ulcerated sore throat has been prevailing in some parts of the Northern and Middle States as a malignant and fatal epidemic. In the town of Orange, Connecticut, for instance, eight persons have died of this throat plague, which commences with a violet-colored plague spot on each side, in the deep hollow of the throat, covering each tonsil. These dark areolæ are dotted with one or many yellowish pustules, which ripen into merdacious ulcers, the cores sloughing out, and the process of putrid inflammation and death of the flesh mining cavities in the soft tissues.

The throat plague has destroyed a number of children in New York within the last two months, and we have had some painful and unlooked-for opportunities of observing its progress. It commences somewhat in the manner of scarlet fever, with nervous excitement, on the day preceding the attack, followed by rigors, or even shaking of the body, with melancholia, and after that the evening flush, irritability, and all the ordinary signs of malignant typhus. The plague spots in the hollow of the throat are at first bright-red, but darken and extend more rapidly as the disease is more malignant. A false membrane, in most cases, lines the interior of the throat, which makes some persons mistake it for croup. As in other cases of malignant disease, the prostration of the nervous system is sudden and extreme. Death may ensue from swelling of the throat, causing suffocation, or from the rupture and discharge of deep ulcers, with the same result.

The false membrane seems to be merely an escape of the colorless portion of the blood from the sides of the weakened vessels of the throat. It hardens and forms a yellow lining, more or less extended. When the plague spots extend over the root of the tongue the disease is called "black tongue," but in that form is confined to certain neighborhoods.

In this, as in other cases of malignant and prostrating disease, nothing can be borne by the patient that lessens the vital powers or diminishes the strength of the body. Applications of *lunar caustic*—so important in ordinary cases of sore throat—do not seem to retard the progress of ulceration, the poison of the malady being, in fact, diffused through the entire system, and fixing upon the throat merely as a point of issue.

In a tropical climate, or in high, mountainous regions, removed from the raw, variable winds of the sea-board, and the still more fatal damps of river valleys, the atmospheric poison or malaria that generates throat plague in our climate might produce diseases in no way resembling that malady. The general or predisposing cause seems to prevail over entire continents for a season or a period of years, the form of the pestilence being determined by the condition of the population in certain places and regions.

It is a common and not merely a popular error to suppose that epidemic diseases are either accidental or periodical visitations, appearing and disappearing like comets, and by many attributed to the influence of those irregular members of our system. Nearly all diseases that are not, like gout or the painters' colic, produced by the habits of individuals or families, are, in fact, epidemics of more or less virulence. At one time there will be a general prevalence of a certain form of disease, like dyspepsia, for a series of years through all classes of society. It will be modified or aggravated by the habits of society or individuals, but seems to prevail universally in the mass of human beings, as if they were all of one flesh, and the condition was not so much

communicated as belonging to the one great human body of that year or century.

Light forms of what are called "colds," for example, which commence with itching, pricking, and tickling in the eyes, nose, and throat, irritations of the skin, of the nerves, of the lower parts of the intestines, an immense variety of inflammations and intestinal and glandular fluxes prevail epidemically, changing suddenly from one form to another, affected by places and habits, or by the prevailing practices of nurses and physicians. These, though less hurtful, are as truly "pestilences" and "providential scourges" as the most fatal plague or fever. Melancholia, itself a partial obscuration of the mental powers, with depression of spirits, seems to be, at times, an epidemic coming over prosperous communities like a cloud, and then suddenly and unaccountably changing into a sharper and more cheerful epidemic, which people can talk of and prescribe for.

Epidemics, although to all appearance light and harmless, destroy the feebler part of communities, wearing out and suppressing feeble, diseased, superannuated, and vicious life. If there is a disease which can be properly called old age, it is so rare as to make but a trifling figure in the bills of mortality. The majority of human beings die by reiterated attacks of trifling maladies, which gradually wear down the system to a point when it is unable to contend with atmospheric poisons or inherited causes of decay. "Small dew and rain," the damps of the morning, the night breath of plants, and the foul air of bedrooms, workrooms, and filthy streets, poisons gradually taken with adulterated food and drinks: these are, in fact, the real desolators—ten times more destructive than plagues and pestilences, however sharp and formidable they may appear for a season.

The Spartan code of nature exposes and destroys the feeble and malformed of animals and men; preserving the vigor and beauty of the race by an early and wholesale decimation of the inferior kind. If medical and dietetical science have accomplished any permanent good for civilized society, it seems to have been by pointing out and removing the causes of disease in families and communities, much more than by casually assisting nature in what is called the "cure," *i. e.*, care, nursing of the sick. Human life is lengthened and improved by the gradual progress of art and science; but while diseases like the throat plague are in the practice of one physician invariably fatal, and in that of another comparatively harmless in the same neighborhood, we may doubt whether the care of human life in disease has advanced as yet to the dignity and merit of a science.

In England, during the past year, 100,000 persons, chiefly among the young, have died in excess over the calculated and regular mortality, from causes unexplained; but by some attributed to the comet, by others to the dryness of the last warm season; both being conjectural. The epidemics among children have been excessive as with us, and the forms of inflammation the same. An equal loss by war would have been regarded as a special calamity, demanding the prayers and intercessions of all the churches; and yet the loss of 100,000 youth and children is perhaps a much greater evil, as removing so much of the moral stimulus of virtue and industry, and robbing the future of its hope.

The proper aim and purpose of human science, strictly considered, seems to be not so much the warding off of sudden calamities as it is the steady and progressive improvement of the general condition; so that the destroying causes that have at present so much to do in the Spartan work of keeping races of men pure by continual decimation, may have less of this to accomplish. The bringing up to adult age of generations of decayed and feeble-minded youth, who are only able to continue their own feebleness into a second generation, does not seem to be a desirable end for society or government. Diphtheritis, or throat plague, may sweep off an entire generation of infants; medical savans are in despair, and fall back upon Providence as usual; the world moves on in the same course, nurses another crop of infants upon poisonous food and air; and these, in their turn, are swept away and forgotten.

When one rightly weighs and considers such things, it appears as though the true ends of government and social organization have not yet been discovered; cities, more especially, have a farcical and absurd aspect. All evils are protested, and actually roared at, by moralists and the press, and not the first step taken to remove the *causes* of moral and physical decay.

THE LOUNGER.

AT THE ACADEMY AGAIN.

IT seems to be agreed that there was never an exhibition by the Academy which indicated such growth in the fine arts as the present one. This is shown not so much by single works of great excellence as by the greater variety in choice and treatment of subjects. It seems to be matter of general congratulation that "a lady" and "a gentleman," who have so profusely ornamented previous exhibitions with their portraits, have grown modest with age, and are now more sparing of their presence.

And yet, when "a gentleman" is a Pope Julius or Leo, a Charles First, a Doge of Venice, when "a lady" is an Infanta of Spain or a "Bella Donna," or when the portrait-painter is Raphael, Vandyke, Titian, or Velasquez, as so often chances in the finest foreign galleries, the mind does not tire of looking at portraits. Portrait-painting is, in truth, one of the highest possible departments of art. Many of the most celebrated pictures are portraits, and that not because the subjects were always heroic or beautiful, but because the painters were poets—that is, they were men who saw character and were able to express it.

There are admirable portraits this year in the Academy, and in various styles. It must be allowed that some of the most ambitious are not the best; and yet our more noted painters of portraits have never been better represented. Elliott, Huntington, Gray, Baker, Hicks, Healy, Stone, Rossiter, Wenzler, and the others, were never, upon the whole, more successful than this season. Shall we add that some parts of some of the pictures by some of the artists are crude or pale or awkward? Shall we say that this key is too high and that too low? Shall we indicate wooliness and muddiness?

No, no! Let tranquillity pervade these columns. There are people who can not pass the Apollo or the Laocoon in that marvelous court of the Vatican, as they hurry on to the Transfiguration and the Communion of St. Jerome, without a sneer at the leg or the arm. And the grace? the beauty? the power? the charm? Why, there is Lavinia, of the lovely face, gazing at No. 821. The admiring spectator, as he passes her, sees plainly enough that fascinating irregularity of feature. Shall he go home and say, "I saw Lavinia to-day. Pity her face is so out of drawing!" It is not a pity.

In the spirit of that last sentence let us look at the portraits of Lavinia, and eke of John and James.

The crayons, too, muster strongly. There were never so many good ones as this year. Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Rowse are the chief contributors. We wish the latter gentleman would have shown us his heads of Emerson, Longfellow, and Lowell—heads not so well known as they should be to New York spectators.

The landscapes are many and good. Church and Kensett, however, contribute little. Church, in fact, only a study of a sunset. In the pictures which Mr. Suydam exhibits he shows that he has passed from the amateur to the artist. His coast-scenes and sunsets have a truthfulness and firmness and delicacy which place him among the men whose works are honored every year. Mr. Gay, a pupil of Troyon in Paris—not William Allen, as the Catalogue asserts, but Winckworth Allan Gay—makes his *début* upon these walls in a landscape from White Mountain scenery, which proves the thoroughness of his training, and enables us to count another admirable landscape painter in the city, which Mr. Gay will make his future residence. He is one of the artists whose career in Europe has developed the cunning of the hand without touching the loyalty of the heart to American subjects and the American spirit—if the word may be used to describe what is most generous in sympathy and appreciation.

In the pure character picture Mr. E. Johnson is the most distinguished name of the year. His "Negro Life at the South" has attracted universal attention and commendation. It is a negro interior finished with a Dutch fidelity, but with much more than Dutch significance. The character, the variety, the detail, the picturesqueness, and the naturalness of this work deserve the praise they have received on every side. It is not grotesque, nor a caricature, as such pictures usually are. It is a palpable bit of life, in a direction peculiarly American, and yet to which our literature and art have only very recently seriously addressed themselves.

And how many more good things there are hanging silently upon these walls, and of which no critic will speak! Silently, and yet they will say something to many a spectator. Life is full of unseen influences all the time, as the air is full of invisible seed blowing whither the wind listeth. Every where characters are springing up moulded by those influences—as every where flowers and forest trees spring from that seed. A man writes a book which the critics may praise or blame or pass silently over; yet somewhere a reader finds it and reads it, and a light of sympathy suddenly bursts into his heart, helping him to save himself, as the sudden brightness of a light-house succors the mariner drifting toward a lee-shore. So a singer sings a song, or a painter paints a picture, of which there is no audible echo in praise, or in blame even; but it touches some heart, it quickens some hope, and the poor poet or painter whose heart pines over what he thinks a talent lost or misused, has really made another human life more lovely.

Let this thought console the artist who puts all his conscience, all his skill, into a work which may not excite a single word from any of the critics.

Do our artist friends know with what a profound and marvelous sympathy Robert Browning has written of artists, entering into the very character of different men and times, and expressing the most subtle and morbid moods? One of his little dramatic lyrics, called "Pictor Ignotus," is the musing of a proud, solitary painter of three centuries ago upon his pictures that nobody knew—which he hung only in the churches—thinking that he is content they shall perish there—but his very content is dissolved in sadness.

"If at whiles
My heart sinks, as monotonous I paint
These endless cloisters and eternal aisles
With the same series, Virgin, Babe, and Saint,
With the same cold, calm, beautiful regard,
At least no merchant traffics in my heart;
The sanctuary's gloom at least shall ward
Vain tongues from where my pictures stand apart;
Only prayer breaks the silence of the shrine.
While, blackening in the daily candle-smoke,
They moulder on the damp wall's travertine,
'Mid echoes the light footstep never woke.
So die, my pictures; surely, gently die!
Oh, youth, men praise so—holds their praise its worth?
Blown harshly, keeps the trump its golden cry?
Tastes sweet the water with such specks of earth?"

AN EYE FOR AN EYE.

A FRIEND asks if the Lounger means to say, in his article headed "The Moral," and published last week, that Christianity is to be held responsible for the sins committed by people who merely profess Christianity?

Certainly not. What he said and says is, that it is undeniable that the general public sentiment of what is called a Christian land deliberately approves acts which it deliberately confesses to be incompatible with Christian principle; and therefore, that it is a conspicuous farce to insist upon calling that land a Christian country. He asserts distinctly that the principle of forgiveness of injuries, one of the most characteristic of Christian principles, is not only disregarded, but voluntarily set aside, and that it is taught that there are certain injuries which a man ought not to forgive.

Of course there are generous people in all sects who assert the reverse of this, and try hard to practice what they know they ought to preach. But these are not enough to make a public sentiment. In any modern civilized community the practical Christians are a very small number—and they have no right to claim that the community is Christian merely because they themselves believe and practice Christianity.

And therefore it is that the Lounger said and says, that our public sentiment coolly confesses Christianity to be an impossible or impracticable system. It reaffirms the old Jewish doctrine and practice of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. It pleads what it calls "men as they are," "the world as we find it," "a community of scamps, not of angels," etc., etc., as sufficient reasons for postponing Christian conduct to a more convenient season.

Now either the founder of Christianity knew men as they are, the world as it is, etc., or he did not. If he did, then he meant his system to apply to precisely the men and women that are promenading Broadway, Wall Street, and Mackerelville to-day. If he did not, then it is not worthy attention.

The Lounger, however, believes that he did know—and therefore can not agree to call himself and other people who insist upon an eye for an eye Christian people in a Christian land.

THE HIGH COCKALORUM IN ORATORY.

BACCALAUREATUS writes from Canada West to inquire, apropos of a recent trial, whether our lawyers are not inclined to be "ornate" upon important occasions, and whether they do not "dilate and dilate to such an extent that they must weary the patience of judge and jury." He asks, "Was there any thing extraordinary in the fact of the sun shining on a Sunday afternoon, that the jury should have that fact (even if it had any relation to the case whatever) elaborated into such a phrase as 'the soft gush of that Sabbath sunlight?' * * * And what on earth had poor George Washington to do with this business that the court must be informed * * * * * that this illustrious man was first in war, first in peace, etc.?"

These questions are perfectly fair; and it is only fair to answer that we Americans like high-falutin'. Not every body, but most of us. The eagle is our national bird, and we want to hear his voice screaming and to see his wings flapping in every speech. Yankee Doodle likes to hear the Yankee-doodle-doo in crescendo cadences. Being the biggest of all conceivable individuals, he wishes to stand upon the summit of the universe and crow till all creation stops its ears. Yankee Doodle never gives any thing. Listen at the anniversary meetings, and you will find that he "donates." He does not wish—he "desiderates." He does not say—he "makes an observation." Yankee Doodle, when he is insane, and therefore an instrument of divine vengeance upon evil-doers, announces that he "can not live upon the same planet" with the sinner. Yankee Doodle is inclined to call inflamed rhetoric "eloquence," and an explosion of fiery adjectives "splendid." In his finer moments the sun does not shine, but "the effulgent orb of day darted his ardent beams;" and when he rises to speak in a great case, and knows that the eyes of thirty millions of other Yankee Doodles are looking at him, he puffs and swells and pants with turgidity, bombast, and nonsense.

Was it Fox who said that if you remembered the words of a speech it could not have been worth hearing? If the just result of eloquence were only mental intoxication the remark would be sensible; and so it would be to say, that if you only got fuddled, it makes no difference whether it were Tokay or blackstrap that did it.

BACCALAUREATUS relates the story of Lord Ellenborough, who, when a "grandiloquent barrister in his court began—'It is written in the large volume of Nature—,' immediately stopped him to inquire—'In what page?' and of Lord Tenterden, who unmercifully clipped the wings of those who would soar into the realms of fancy, and with a rough, perhaps too rough, a hand, dragged back wanderers from the point at issue. 'It is asserted in Aristotle's Rhetoric,' argued a pedantic lawyer—'I don't want to hear what is asserted in Aristotle's Rhetoric!' exclaimed Tenterden. 'It is laid down in the Pandects of Justinian'—'Where are you got to now?' 'It is a principle of the civil law'—'Oh! Sir, we have nothing to do with *civil* law in this court.'"

But BACCALAUREATUS must remember that Yankee Doodle has never forgiven the historian of Chuzzlewit for his biting sarcasms upon this peculiarity, and be very wary. The Lounger, being a Yankee Doodle himself, will cluck about it as much as he chooses.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

THE new story by Dickens, commenced in *Harper's Weekly* of last week, will justify its title in one way at least, for certainly it will be a tale well read in two cities. The *Weekly* not only has the advantage of advance sheets, but it is the only illustrated edition. Even the author's, in his own paper, is not illustrated.

This, we believe, is the first instance in which any of the chief English novelists have issued a story in weekly numbers, except Charles Reade, whose "White Lies" was published in the London *Journal* from week to week; and it is another indication of the tendency of literature to the most popular and the cheapest forms. Such a style of publication has of course very serious inconveniences, but they are those of the author rather than the reader. It favors a microscopic attention, which is dangerous to the perspective of the story. But if any one is incredulous of this inevitable tendency he has but to inform himself of the number of novels that are now publishing in serial forms. So great is the demand that even some daily newspapers have followed the lead of the weeklies and semi-weeklies, and now give a chapter or more of a new tale.

In France this custom is older. George Sand and Dumas, and others of less note, have published their novels in the feuilletons of the leading papers. Lamartine's "Confidences," and Chateaubriand's "D'Outre Tombe," were first issued in the same way; and Alexandre Dumas's "Voyage to Caucasus" is to be published daily in thirty numbers, for which he receives two hundred dollars each.

As for the proceeds of serial publication, Thackeray receives from his London publishers, according to authentic report, rather more than a thousand dollars for each monthly part of the "Virginians." It is stated that Bulwer will realize seventy-five thousand dollars from his last novel, "What will he do with it?"—a rumor which is incredible, but which shows the immense sale upon which his publishers count. So universal is the demand that the author is becoming to thousands and millions of people what the troubadour and minstrel used to be to scores. But the author charms with the type, not with the tongue. The Wartburg has expanded into the civilized world. Literature is a perpetual parliament and festival and contest of the modern Minnesingers.

Is not Dickens the chief of them?

It was hinted, editorially, last week that peculiar circumstances would probably make this new novel of Dickens's one of his best, if not the crown of all. This is unquestionably true; for there can be no doubt that the stories which have been lately told about the man will have aroused the author to show himself in all his splendor and power. The tale is cast at a most interesting period—the two cities are doubtless Paris and London on the eve of the French Revolution, the lurid glare of whose approach gleams fitfully through the earlier chapters. The opening scene is characteristic. A foreboding mystery and gloom already settles upon the personages; and whoever begins to read will be glad that he has only to wait a week for what follows.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—F. W. G. and S. M. S., Lawrence County, Alabama, must be aware that a weekly illustrated history of the times, since it can not illustrate every thing, and person, and event, must exercise its discretion; and they must also see that the choice of subjects will be, at least *somewhat*, controlled by the comparative sale of the paper. It is the interest of every such paper—to say nothing more—to respect the public sense of propriety.

—T. D. J., Charlotte County, Virginia, can procure *Harper's Weekly* for 1858, bound neatly in muslin, for $3 50. All such applications should be addressed to the Publishers.

—OMIKRON, Rodney, Mississippi, wishes to know whether villages can be *decimated* by shooting every *fifth* man. He is quite right—that they can not. To decimate is to punish with death every tenth man.

—G., Lynchburg, recurs to the discussion upon the letter *l*, and inquires why the *l* should be used in spelling the name of that city. "If you give it the *ynch*, ain't it very probable it will take the *l*?"

—CAROMEL, Pleasant Corner, who asks a question in melodious verse, surely knows that a gentleman is always presented to a lady, and not *vice versa*.

—TALBOT, Trenton, lent his umbrella to a luckless lady caught in the rain on Broadway, gave her his address, and got "sopping wet," and the umbrella is not returned. The question is, Was it a lady or only the appearance of one? That involves the inquiry whether the lady did or did not try to return the umbrella. If she did not—why, then—!

—E. R., Cleveland, Ohio, in reply to the question, What king was it who for seven years played the invalid? reminds us that it was Charles XII., of Sweden, who, after the battle of Pultowa, retired to Binden, in Turkey, went to bed, and played chess for several years. Charles XII. is allowed to have been partially insane.

—QUERIST, Boston, asks if it were Dryden or Milton who wrote the famous line,

"The conscious water saw its Lord and blushed."

It was neither. It was Richard Crashaw, whose poems are published in John Russell Smith's Library of Old Authors. He was a preacher when the revolution of 1645 broke out, then crossed to France and became a Roman Catholic. Finally he was a Cardinal's secretary and a canon of the church of Loretto. He died about 1650. While at Cambridge he published a volume of Latin poems and epigrams, and in one of them occurs the line in question,

"Lympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit."

Querist asks farther what is the line in which Bacon is styled the meanest of mankind. The line is the 281st of the Fourth Epistle in the Essay on Man:

"If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."

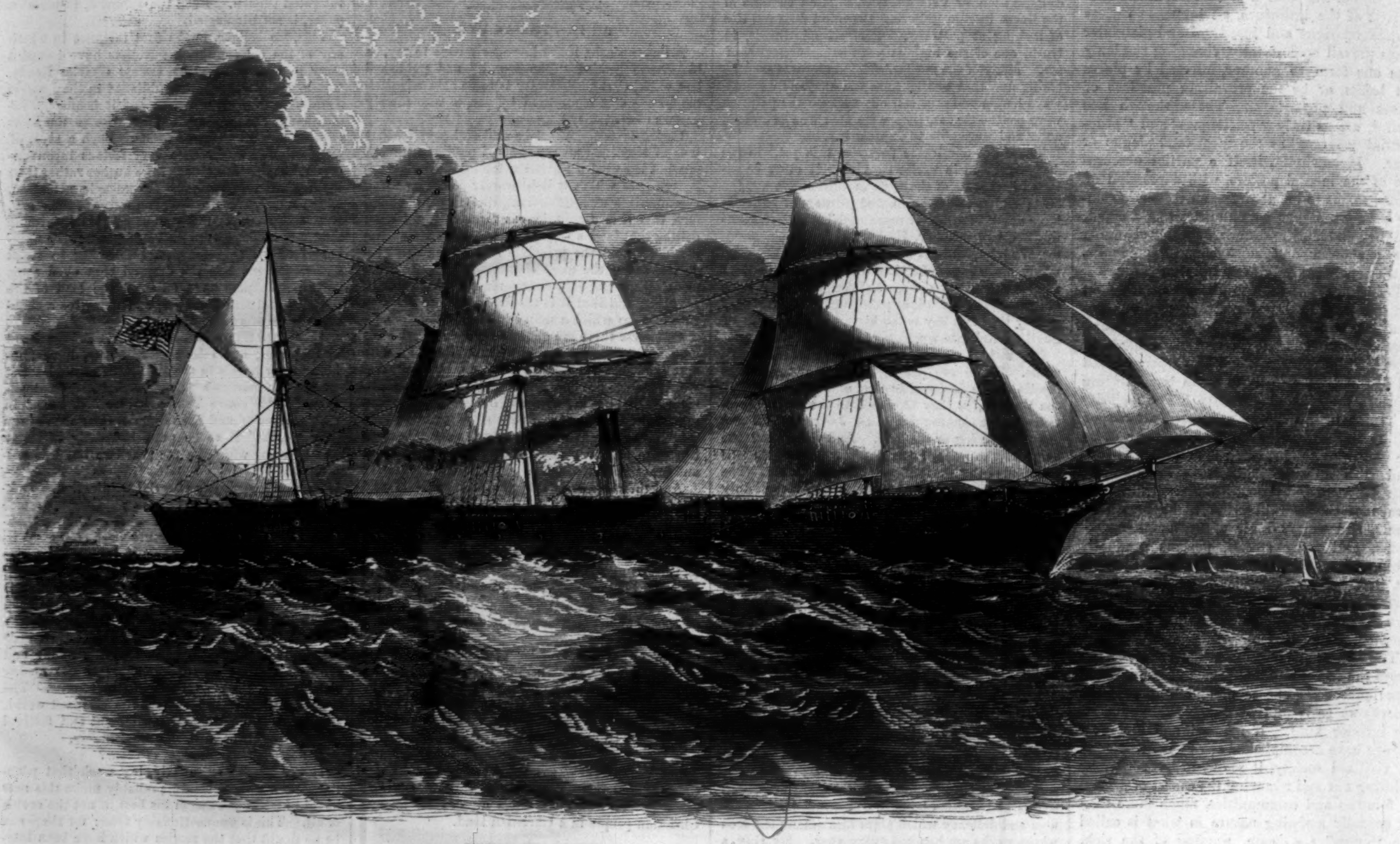
The couplet that follows is not less often quoted,

"Or ravished with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell damn'd to everlasting fame."

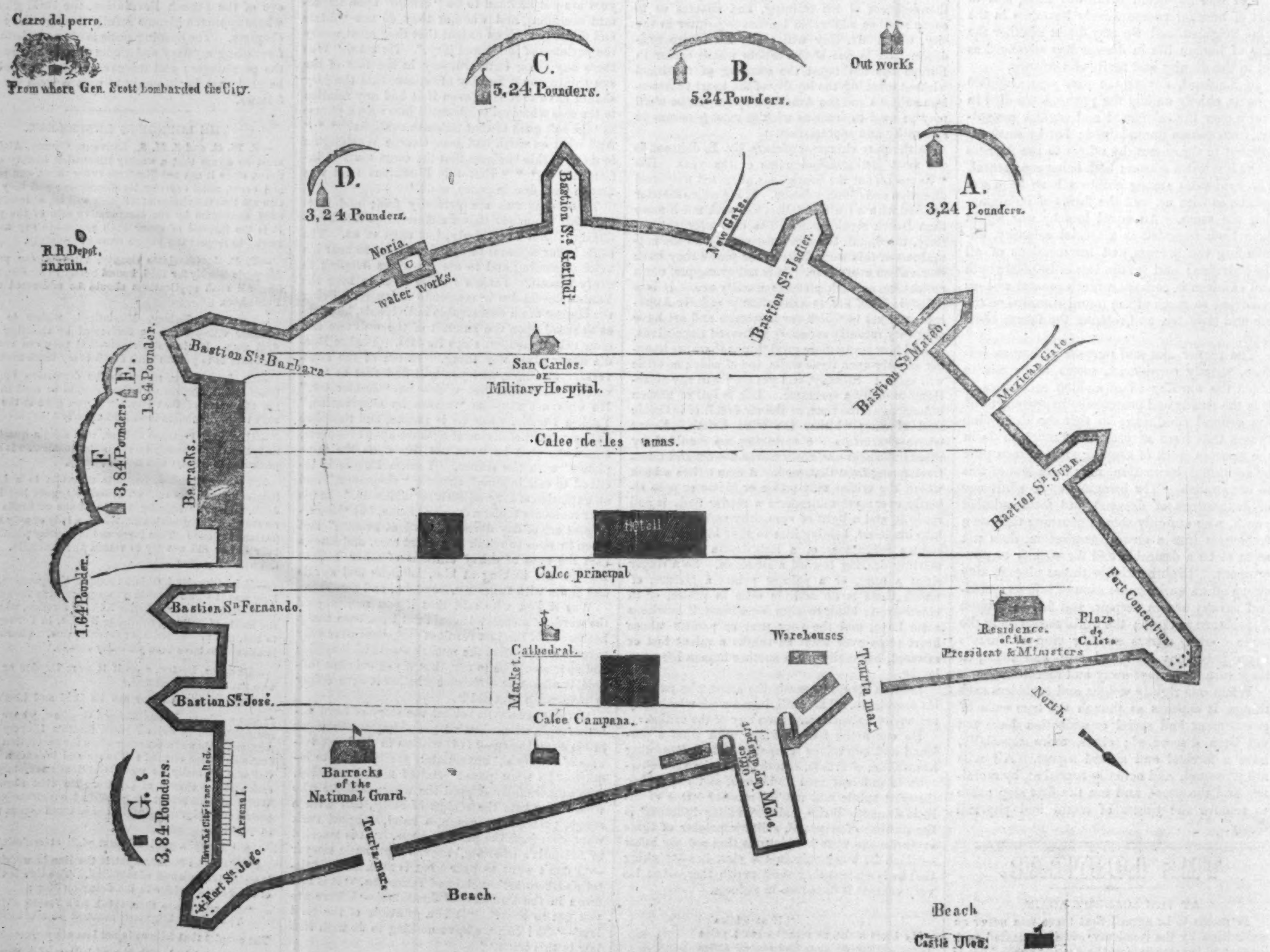
—J. H. H., Tennessee, asks for the author of

"Oh! a wonderful stream is the river Time."

The Lounger has just seen it credited to a Mr. H. B. Taylor. Who is he?



THE NEW UNITED STATES STEAM-SLOOP "IROQUOIS."—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



A, B, C, D, E, F, G, breast-works thrown up, of sand, and within 50 yards of the wall—mounting in all about 50 guns of large calibre.

Santiago, 10 guns, fronting the harbor, and commanding the beach down to Sacrifico.

San José, 5 guns } Ranging to the Cemetery and Alamadal.
San Fernando, 4 "
Santa Barbara, 5 guns, pointing to railroad station and aqueduct, also to Cerro del Perro (the position of gun-boats).
Santa Gertrudis, 3 guns.

San Javier, 4 guns } Commanding the whole, back of Vera Cruz, this side of Sand Hills.
San Mateo, 3 "
San Juan, 4 "
Conception, 20 guns, harbor, beach, and road to Bergana. The Castle's guns command the beach north and south at Vera Cruz.

PLAN OF THE FORTIFICATIONS OF VERA CRUZ.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

SLOOP-OF-WAR "IROQUOIS."

On 12th ult. the new sloop-of-war *Iroquois* was launched at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. She is described as a neat, trim vessel, over 200 feet long, and drawing only eight feet of water. She is to be armed with a two-bladed screw, measuring 12 feet 3 inches in diameter, and 20 feet pitch; her engines, of which she will have two, will be direct back-acting engines, with two cylinders, each 54 inches in diameter, and 28-inch stroke. She is to be fitted out directly for sea.

It is evident that future wars are to be carried on mainly with this class of vessels. Small craft, drawing but little water, and enabled by steam to defy wind and tide, are infinitely superior for the practical purposes of warfare than line-of-battle ships and heavy frigates.

The British Government has for some time been busily engaged in the construction of gun-boats drawing from 5 to 8 feet of water, and each carrying one gun of the largest calibre. Their gun-boat flotilla now numbers several hundred vessels, and has already proved of the highest value in both the Crimean and the Chinese wars. It would be well for us to follow the example. Meanwhile the construction of such ships as the *Iroquois* costs less, and will probably do more real service than any line-of-battle ship afloat.

STRUGGLE WITH A BUCK.

PLAN OF THE FORTIFICATIONS OF VERA CRUZ, MEXICO.

We gave some time since a picture of the harbor of Vera Cruz, with the foreign fleets at anchor there for the protection of foreigners. We now subjoin a plan of the fortifications of the city, from a sketch for which we are indebted to the New York *Herald*. The outer works were erected by the garrison, in anticipation of the threatened attack by General Miramon.

It is not likely that any very great period of time can elapse before Vera Cruz is again a scene of warfare. For years to come it looks as though Mexico could not but remain the prey of bandits, who, under various high-sounding names, profess one or another set of political principles for the purpose of robbing the people. Vera Cruz—the New York of Mexico, the greatest port of entry, and the strongest place on the sea-board—must naturally play a prominent part in future contests. Our plan is worth keeping for future reference.

LIFE-SCENES IN THE SOUTH.

STRUGGLE WITH A BUCK.

The gentleman who related to me the following narrative is a man of the strictest veracity—an honorable gentleman. He is also a relative of mine, and a personal friend; and I feel assured that I will by no means wound his feelings by making public his terrible and almost fatal rencontre with the wild stag of the South. But first let me describe to the reader his physical organization, that he may know that he is "a man, every inch of him." And, in the first place, I will merely remark that at the period to which I refer he was considered the most active man in the district. On one occasion he consented, after much persuasion, to run a foot-race with a *very fast little man*, who had often boasted that he had never found his match, and did not believe he had an equal in the State either in speed or activity. Our hero refused to run with him on equal terms, but proposed to give his antagonist ten paces, with the additional odds of lying flat upon his face. The proposition, after much opposition on the part of his rival "as unfair, too unequal," etc., was at length received with contemptuous laughter. The result of the race, however, was that the little man was fairly "*distanced*" in one hundred yards; and he never raised his head again (as a racer). His pride was completely humbled by one who had never boasted.

And well might our hero be a swift runner and an active man; for I have never seen one who possessed keener limbs and more perfectly developed muscles. Like a full-blooded racer, there was no superfluous flesh about him; he was all bone and muscle—perfectly formed by the hand of God. His nose is Roman; and his eye, though kindly blue, is as keen as a hawk's. In his younger days he was all energy; and twenty-five years ago—the period of which we are now writing—he held his rifle with a sure hand and deadly aim. But he never used it in any unholy warfare. He would have been brave, even terrible, in battle; but his spirit was too genial then, his heart too benevolent now, to entertain for a single moment the deadly spirit of the duelist. Having premised thus much, we will let him tell his adventure in his own words; and though I have suppressed his name, many of his personal friends and old admirers will recognize his portrait.

"It was in the latter part of September that I strolled into the woods one morning, with my rifle on my shoulder, little dreaming that I would meet such noble game so near to my homestead, but hoping that I would tumble a fox-squirrel from some lofty pine or venerable old oak. I had not walked more than half a mile before I saw two old bucks, with huge antlers rising as stately trees from their brows. They did not perceive me, and seemed to be too intent upon a strange occupation to observe surrounding objects. I crept up to within seventy-five yards, and for a while watched their singular motions, which were too systematic to be playful. They seemed to be greatly agitated, making the forest ring with their loud snorting, while they ran toward each other from opposite directions, meeting and passing each other almost invariably at the same spot. And when they arrived at this common centre they would gather up their keen, supple legs quicker, then rising several feet higher in the air, with their heads bowed, and with a loud snort of savage terror, their sharp, razor-like hoofs, pointed downward, were planted quick upon some object upon the ground. Then, quick as lightning, they would rise into the air again, and, as if husbanding their strength, they would regain their starting-point, some thirty or forty yards distant, in opposite directions; then wheel about as trained soldiers, and again approach each other at a more rapid pace, leap high into the air at the given point, with a loud snort drive their hoofs downward, and then regain their stations leisurely as before, each one occupying the other's place alternately.

PANTHER HUNTING IN AFRICA.—[See next Page.]

"I stood silently watching this strange proceeding for several minutes, when, thinking it was too good a chance to be thrown away, I leisurely raised my rifle, took deliberate aim, and fired at one of the noble-looking animals—for they were equally splendid in appearance, and I had, therefore, no choice to make between them. I selected the one farthest from me, by a few paces, because I was, at all events, sure of my mark. My ball entered just behind his shoulder, and passed through his heart. He made one convulsive bound in the air, and fell heavily to the earth; he never reached his goal, for he was dead! But, strange to say, the remaining buck seemed not to hear, or was utterly indifferent to the report of my rifle. With nervous haste I reloaded my weapon, and, as usual in such cases, she was badly loaded. I have never loaded a weapon before or since so quickly as then; it was the work of a few seconds only. The remaining buck had wheeled, and was on his return charge; he had neared the centre of his arena; he had leaped into the air and made his snort just as my hand was upon the trigger. My sight covered a spot near the centre of his forehead just as he made his upward bound, and at the sharp crack of the rifle he fell heavily to the earth, with his knees doubled under him, as an ox that has been felled by a blow from an axe wielded by a strong hand.

"Drawing a long dirk-knife which I usually carried with me, I hastily approached the fallen monarch of our Southern forests, and was surprised to see no wound in his forehead. My ball must have killed him, therefore, I thought and said aloud, without actually entering his brain. He died from the effects of concussion; for I am very sure he was hit nowhere else. But without pausing to make any further reflections I attempted to draw my knife across his throat, that his fat carcass might have the benefit of a full and free blood-letting. My left hand grasped one of his tall antlers, and my knife had made a slight incision through his hide, when, horror of horrors! the apparently dead buck came to life in a moment, and springing to his feet, with his eyes glaring upon me like two balls of fire, and his upper lip trembling with rage, he made a fierce lunge at my side, which would have been ripped open as with a knife had I not been as active as a cat; and I thank God that He fashioned me thus, for otherwise my life would have been spilled upon the ground then and there.

"I never gave up my hold upon his horn with my left hand; but in that first fierce lunge I lost my knife, and in attempting to seize hold of his other horn the enraged animal pierced my hand clean through with one of the sharp points of his antlers. But I did not feel any pain then. It was now a death-struggle, and God alone knew who should prove victorious. I feared it was all over with me, and I hurriedly but earnestly commended my soul to the keeping of a good and a merciful God. Oh! Sir, that was an awful time with me—a dark hour—a fearful struggle for life! I seemed to be already passing through 'the valley and the shadow of death.' The dying man—the condemned criminal standing upon the scaffold—could not realize more certainly his doom than I then did. And though years have passed away, and I am getting old, when I think of that dreadful contest with the enraged stag my heart ceases its throbbings, and my blood almost freezes in my veins.

"We had been thus struggling, 'foot to foot, and hand to hand,' as it were, for several minutes—I know not how long, for to me it seemed an age. My strength was almost exhausted, but I did not feel like letting go my hold; and as God would have it, the deer's strength seemed exhausted, too, about the same time as mine, and his courage for a moment flagged. He ceased his struggles and looked earnestly with a long and a fixed gaze into my eyes. There was no longer any rage in his countenance; it was simply an earnest, almost human look of intelligence or of inquiry. He seemed to be gazing down into the caverns of my soul, as if taking observation of my thoughts and scanning my ultimate intentions. He seemed to be putting the question to me in distinct terms; and although he possessed not the gift of human speech, yet his look could be plainly interpreted as though he had spoken in an audible voice, and seemed to inquire, 'Who shall be master? Shall I give up to you, as the "lord of creation," or are you some cowardly miscreant whom I shall trample to death beneath my hoofs? Come, Sir, speak! Who shall be master?'

"But there was no response from me to his mute appeal, for I had none to give. There was nothing but doubt in my soul. I had no faith in the final issue, and dreaded to see a renewal of the conflict. He seemed to understand my thoughts and to despise my weakness, for his upper lip began to tremble again with a strange nervous, fiendlike twitching, while his eyes expanded wider and wider, and glared as two fire-balls upon me. His back rose up like a bow bent for the target by the strong hand of an unerring marksman; his frame grew larger and more portentous with evil; while his mane bristled up, seemingly, as stiff as porcupine quills. He was a fierce and a terrible thing to look upon, for he seemed the very embodiment of relentless, undying hate. 'Now,' his whole attitude plainly said, 'war to the knife! This shall be your last contest on earth!' And then he blew his trumpet blast, his snort of vengeance, in my face.

"But, strange to say, this scornful snort of defiance, this nervous tremor of the upper lip, which had sent a shivering chill through my frame, produced now a contrary effect, and nerved rather than depressed my resolution to conquer or to die. My previous exhaustion, my almost lethargic indifference to my fate had passed away in a moment. If his breathing spell had rested him it had rested me also; if he was determined to renew the battle, I was none the less nerved for the contest; and if the issue was doubtful, I was resolved to hold on, and if I fell I should die gloriously, and with 'colors nailed to the mast.'

"The very first lunge that he made I avoided by stepping adroitly to one side, and by a sudden and a dexterous twisting of his horns just at the moment when his head was bent down with savage intent I fortunately succeeded in tripping him from his heels, and he fell heavily to the earth. Although we had struggled over much ground, and had removed many paces from the place where the battle first began, strange to say we had now returned to the identical spot, and the body of my enemy pressed again the same grass it had pressed down before. And oh! happy recollection! there lay my glittering blade, as though God had brought it to my hand, and shouted help in my ears—help for the widow's son. Quick as thought I seized the glistening blade and drove it to the hilt in the fallen animal's throat. It was enough; I had severed the carotid artery and jugular vein both at one stroke. I had not time, however, to cut his windpipe; and it was well for me that I did not give up my hold upon his horn, for in a moment he was on his feet again and the knife was flirted from my hand. But although he plunged fast and strong, and made some fierce lunges at my breast and abdomen, the odds were against him now, and hope gave me strength to persevere to the end. For although his hot blood spirted into my face as a scarlet shower, and covered my clothes as with a bloody mantle, yet all that filled my heart with exultation, for I knew that in all that his life-blood was fast spinning out. At last the battle was over. The wild buck was no longer enraged, for death was upon him now, and death will cool down the wrath of man and beast alike. The intense fire-light of his eyes had burned out, or was only flickering in its socket; and his lip, no longer quivering with vengeful rage, hung motionless and livid. He stood still for a few moments, still gazing into my eyes with his dying look, as if asking the question, 'Are you satisfied? I yield to you only in death.' Then bowing his head, as if in submission, a fit of shuddering convulsed his frame for a few seconds, and he fell lifeless at my feet. But, like the slain warrior who, unconquered, still grasps his reeking sword, he looked grim and terrible even in death.

"When I knew that he was dead, and not until then, I relaxed my hold upon his tall antlers, and falling heavily to the earth, I lay utterly exhausted upon the ground, and with my head resting upon the neck of my fallen foe, I sunk into a deep and heavy sleep which lasted more than an hour. At the expiration of this time I rose up in a sitting posture and looked around upon the field of battle. Two noble bucks lay dead upon the green sward; but as I looked toward my feet I drew them back in alarm, for they were resting upon the body of a huge rattlesnake! But to my great relief I soon discovered that he was not only dead, but completely mangled by the hoofs of the two deer which I had slain. This, then, had been the occupation of the noble animals I had so ruthlessly killed. They had been engaged in the laudable work of putting to death the common foe of man and beast.

"When I had surveyed the terrible scene for a few moments I could not resist the impulse, and I am not ashamed to confess it—I knelt down upon my knees, just there by the fallen stag, and, all covered with gore as I was, I poured out my heart in thankfulness to that God whose providence had been over me through all that long and death-like struggle. I felt that as surely as He had sent 'the ram caught in the thicket' to save the life of Isaac, so also had He sent one of His angels to place the knife within my grasp, that I might not perish alone and unaided. And I have sometimes thought that it was not I, but God's angels, who tripped up the heels of the savage buck. At all events, I feel assured that naught but God's goodness—God's kind providence—saved my life then, as I trust in Christ He will save my soul in eternity."

PANTHER HUNTING IN AFRICA.

The illustration on page 309 represents the method by which panthers and lions are killed in Africa. It is well known that they are highly destructive creatures; that a single lion will devastate a whole district year after year; and that it is almost impossible to keep either sheep or cattle in a locality which is infested either with lions or panthers.

The natives of Africa have, from time immemorial, employed various feeble methods of hunting these wild beasts. They entrap them in pitfalls, and snare them into close yards; sometimes they sally forth in a body of twenty or thirty, and hunt them down. But these plans are often attended with some sacrifice of life; and the wild beast often escapes both hunters and traps.

Since Northern Africa has been colonized by the French, the officers of the French army have made a science of hunting. Lieutenant Gérard has won a world-wide fame by his gallantry and success as a hunter. He was known in Africa as "*Le terreur de lions.*"

His plan was the one depicted in our illustration. A goat or a sheep was tied to a stake as near as possible to the lion's den, or the spot where he was in the habit of drinking. Behind a tree, or a stone, or any other eminence within twelve paces of the goat, the hunter crouched well armed. Gérard, who seldom missed his aim, was satisfied with one double-barreled gun, loaded carefully with powder and Minié balls. But other hunters usually provide themselves with a couple of guns in case of accident. Where the hunter has a European servant of tried courage he generally crouches beside his master with the second gun. The Arabs are said to have a way of running off under these circumstances, or—which is equally fatal—of firing off the gun intrusted to them in their agony of fear.

If the goat has been properly stationed the wild beast will soon detect its existence. An old lion sometimes notices that the goat does not run away, and suspects something; but this argues a very superior order of sagacity in the beast. Generally speaking, after a glance at the vicinity, the lion approaches the goat at a gentle run, and prepares to spring. At that moment, within pistol-shot, the hunter fires. He ought, to kill with the first ball, to hit between the eyes. If he does not, he must fire the other directly at the same point. Firing at the shoulder, which is a good mark as a general rule, will answer for hunting in the plain, when the hunter has a fleet horse to carry him off; but at close quarters he may break both the lion's shoulders and still be torn in pieces. None of our sporting readers need be told that, to hit a lion between the eyes, even at fifteen paces, on a dark night, when the hunter has been shivering in the cold for hours, requires pretty steady nerves.

Gérard tells a pretty fair story of one of his exploits. The game in this instance was a lion, who had eaten the flocks of a whole tribe of Arabs. They tracked him to his lair, and asked Gérard to kill him.

The Frenchman went out toward nightfall. An Arab, who accompanied him, fastened a goat near the mouth of the lair. Then the hunter lay watching behind a stone. He had not watched long before the lion's head made its appearance. The goat began to shiver and tremble; its efforts to free itself were tremendous. Its cries were unnatural and quite feeble. Presently the lion emerged from his lair and began to walk slowly toward the goat. When within a few paces he stopped. He was reconnoitring. He lay down and winked at Gérard, seeming to say:

"There were, a few minutes ago, a man and a goat here. There is the goat; but where is the man? Ha! there is another man, watching me, and looking as if he wanted to speak. I am hungry. Which is the best eating, man or goat? As a general rule I prefer man; but this fellow seems so thin that I think I will dine on the goat."

With such reflections, saith the Frenchman, the lion advanced on the quivering goat. At twelve paces Gérard fired (this was before he discovered that the forehead was the only safe shot), and broke the brute's right shoulder. A second after he fired again, and broke his left. The lion, strange to say, escaped into the thicket and had to be hunted over again. He was killed after a long chase; but in dying he munched the shoulder of a poor Arab who had gone to give him the *coup de grace*.

Panthers are not so terrible as lions; but even they, stealing along treacherously and noiselessly under the shade of night, must make a hunter's nerves thrill as they approach the point when he must pull the trigger and take the consequences of a bad shot.

LITERARY.

Love me Little, Love me Long, is Charles Reade's last novel, published by Harper & Brothers. It is much in advance of his late works, and takes rank with "Peg Woffington" and "Christie Johnstone" as a dramatic story. There is a vigor that proceeds from the natural style of Mr. Reade, which makes his men and women seem to be actually speaking and acting. He does not choose soft words, but makes his people talk as people ordinarily do talk. The plot of the story in the present volume is simple: A young lady—a delicious sort of a creature, of course—is petted by an uncle on one side and an aunt on the other, each of whom selects a different husband for her, and go on intriguing against each other. The lovers represent two great classes of English society—the wealthy nothing-to-do man of family and the self-made rich banker. But a bluff, frank sailor, mate of an East Indiaman, a veritable man, in his own bones, and blood, and soul, comes in and takes the prize. Perhaps the finest portion of the story is the admirable delineation of the contest between position in society and love for the sailor. It does not appear to be a contest. It is not once spoken of as a strange or out-of-the-way event; but the struggle is visible nevertheless, and forms a fine and artistic part of the book. We have only to add that, like all of Reade's novels, it is of peculiarly absorbing interest; so that, once taken up, it is difficult to lay it down unfinished.

We have received from Van Benthuysen, Albany, the Manual, etc., of the State of New York, for the year 1859—a little volume whose value and necessity is well known throughout the State

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE LATEST FROM UTAH.

We have one week's later news, to April 9, from the Mormon territory, and comprises various opinions as to the state of affairs there. The court at Provo had broken up, and the army had taken up its march for Camp Floyd, with the prisoners in charge, some of whom, not having been indicted, would be discharged on reaching the camp. Every thing was quiet, and the Mormons evinced no disposition to disturbance.

ATROCITIES OF THE MORMONS.

Extract from a letter dated March 23, 1859, written by an officer of the army at Camp Floyd, Utah:

"No longer ago than yesterday, while sitting in the General's quarters, a knock at his door announced a poor, unfortunate young man, about nineteen or twenty years old, a handsome Danish lad, who had been barbarously mutilated, and had fled for protection all the way from San Pete Valley to our camp. He shed tears while telling his story. We have several cases here in camp of persons who were compelled to flee to us for safety, as their lives had been threatened by the Danite crew.

"The cause of this handsome young lad excited our sympathy much. He had, it seems, paid his court to a young Danish girl, who had emigrated here with him, whom he had known from childhood, with a view to marriage. The attachment was mutual, but some hoary-headed old scoundrel of a bishop, or other official, wanted the girl for *his* harem, and, jealous of the handsome youth, had him tied, and thus mutilated him, first giving him a chance between that and death."

MORE ABOUT SICKLES.

The *Tribune* correspondent says: "The Hon. Daniel E. Sickles visited the place where the homicide, for his participation in which he has just been tried, occurred. He pointed out to two companions the localities where the different incidents took place, and admitted his intention to kill Mr. Key. The testimony excluded by Judge Crawford at the trial would have established the fact that Mr. Sickles was engaged in an intrigue in Baltimore during the month of January, and the discussion of its admissibility in evidence was avoided in Court in order to prevent retaliatory vengeance on the part of Mr. Key's friends. The facts must all, however, come out eventually. The letter in cipher to Mr. Key, which was found on his body and produced on the trial, contained declarations of love from Mrs. Sickles."

THE EXCLUDED EVIDENCE.

The proposal to admit the famous rejected evidence in the Sickles case was, we hear, together with the three following statements, prepared by the prosecution, handed to the Court, which decided that the proof tendered was inadmissible:

"We now offer evidence, the particulars of which we will state, if required, touching the prisoner's marital relations at and immediately preceding the homicide, and extending back to a period antecedent to the alleged adultery between the deceased and the prisoner's wife, for the purpose of showing that the prisoner set no value upon his wife's affections, and attached no sanctity to the marriage relations; and this is offered to rebut the defense of insanity, caused by the alleged adultery of his wife.

"That the accused reached Barnum's Hotel, in the city of Baltimore, on the evening of the 16th of January last, where and when he engaged a room; that he left said hotel at or about three o'clock on the following (Sunday) morning, and proceeded to the Philadelphia dépôt, and was at said dépôt on the arrival of the Philadelphia train of cars; that then and there he met a woman, other than his wife, whose name, unless insisted on by the defense, shall not be divulged, whom he carried to said hotel, and kept there until Monday morning, and with whom then and there he had adulterous intercourse; and, further, that at different times during his married life the accused committed other acts of adultery.

"The Court having already permitted the defense to offer evidence of the communication to the accused of certain alleged acts of adultery between the deceased and Mrs. Sickles, on the ground that such evidence might tend to prove the insanity of the accused, the testimony now proposed to be offered is properly rebutting evidence.

"First—Because its tendency, if not its necessary effect, is to exclude any such conclusion as has been insisted on by the defense.

"Secondly—Because such evidence, though consistent with a state of anger or revenge upon the part of the accused, is inconsistent with a state of insanity.

"Or, in other words, that such evidence tends to rebut any presumption of insanity arising from the nature of communications made to the accused relative to the adulterous intercourse between his wife and the deceased."

The Baltimore *Exchange* says: "It is understood that, if this testimony had been admitted, it would have been followed up by other evidence from New York, bearing upon the same points."

A WOMAN BOILED IN OIL.

The Detroit *Free Press* says: "A horrible occurrence happened at the Belle River station of the Great Western Railway on Wednesday, by which the wife of the station-master lost her life. The facts, as we learn from parties direct from that place, are as follow: Some painters were about commencing a job of painting for the Railway Company at the station, and were preparing their oil for the purpose. A large kettle or caldron was arranged in one of the apartments of the station-house, which they had filled with oil and were boiling. They had left it for a short time to attend to some other matters, when some part of it ran over and took fire on the stove, which was very hot. Mrs. Taylor, the wife of the station-master, was the only person in the house at the time, except a child, and fearing that it would set the house on fire, set to work to put it out. In doing this, by some jar or shake given to the stove, the pipe parted. She then got a chair, and placing it beside the stove, stepped upon it to adjust the pipe, when the chair tipped and she fell headforemost into the boiling oil.

"The oil that was displaced by the immersion of the woman commenced blazing upon the stove, and the flames soon communicated to that upon the floor, and the room was instantly filled with fire and smoke. The child commenced screaming with terror, and ran out of the house. Her cries soon attracted the attention of the painters, who were no great distance away, and who ran to the house, supposing the building to be on fire. A few buckets of water, however, speedily put out the fire on the floor, and then for the first time did they notice the horrible position of Mrs. Taylor. She was at once taken out, but of course was lifeless. The upper portion of her body, with her head, was literally boiled, the hair falling off, and the flesh parting with every touch. Her clothes had taken fire from the flames, burning the other portions of her body in a most shocking manner. In fact, the remains presented an unrecognizable mass of burned flesh and bones that were sickening to look upon."

HORRIBLE DEATH OF A STEAMBOAT CAPTAIN.

We read in the Missouri *Democrat* of the 28th the following painfully interesting statement of James Reed, pilot of the *St. Nicholas:*

"The Captain was the only person with me in the pilot-house at the time of the explosion. We were both at the wheel and conversing. I remember distinctly of hearing a report like that of a cannon, and instantaneously felt myself moving through the air. When I recovered my senses I found myself down among the boilers. When the steam and smoke cleared away a little I commenced crawling toward the roof: in doing so I came across Captain M'Mullen, lying with his right foot under the hurricane roof, pilot-house, and a lot of other rubbish which had been thrown together in one common mass by the explosion. His right foot and ankle were wedged in tightly by this heavy mass of lumber. He hailed me, and I stopped to assist him; at the same time I called to the second mate, whom I saw near at hand, to my assistance, and we both tried all the means in our power to release him.

"While endeavoring to release the Captain, one of the striker engineers came to our assistance; but the three of us failed to extricate him from his awful position. The flames were rapidly encroaching upon our territory, and the heat was becoming intolerable. Captain M'Mullen begged us to cut his leg off; but we could find no axe nor any other instrument by which to do so. We worked at the Captain until the fire drove us away—he begging us all the time to remain by him. We did not leave him until the moment arrived when to remain any longer would have been certain death to all of us, without the possibility of relieving the Captain. He was consumed by the flames almost before our eyes. The last words he uttered were, 'My God! I shall have to burn up!' When he saw that he would have to burn, he bade us seek our own safety. I succeeded in reaching the ladies' cabin before the fire closed up that way of escape."

INDICTMENT OF A STEAMBOAT ENGINEER FOR MANSLAUGHTER.

We read in the St. Louis *Republican:* "We have already announced the conviction of Daniel Davis, Engineer of the steamer *Ocean Spray*, on an indictment for manslaughter, growing out of the destruction of that vessel by fire, whereby some ten lives were lost. The case came on for trial this week before the United States Circuit Court, and was patiently heard, and the accused ably defended. The Jury found him guilty, leaving the Court to fix the punishment. This is the first conviction ever had under the law of Congress providing for the protection of life and property on board of steamboats, and the example, it is hoped, will not be lost on those who have charge of our steam vessels. It has now been shown that the law is not a dead letter, and that it can be enforced against those who violate its provisions. A few verdicts of this kind, whether applied to steamboats or railroads, will have a wonderful effect in inducing more care on the part of those who have charge of them, and the number of disasters will be greatly lessened. The case of the engineer on board the *Colonel Crosman*, under a similar indictment for manslaughter, is now on trial in the same Court."

PERSONAL.

A correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* gives the following sketch of Juarez, the Constitutional President of Mexico:

"He was born fifty-three years ago, in a mountainous district of Southern Mexico, and is by blood a pure Indian. His father raised a few sheep and cattle, and gained a scanty subsistence by the sale of their skins. At twelve years of age the young Juarez ran off to attend a fair, and being afraid or ashamed to return, he hired himself to a mule-driver, from whose service he passed into the service of a wealthy Spaniard, who, pleased at his intelligence, caused him to be taught to read and write. Still retaining the favor of his employer, he was sent to the College of Oaxaca, and having chosen the profession of the law, which the revolution had opened to men of his caste, he rose rapidly to the head of his profession, and, with the triumph of Alvarez, was made Chief Justice, from which post he passed to that of the Presidency."

A correspondent of the Washington *Star* contradicts the statement that the Hon. Lynn Boyd is lying at the point of death at his residence in Kentucky, and says that he, accompanied by his wife and son, has been at Philadelphia for eight weeks. Dr. Pancoast, of that city, an eminent physician, has been prescribing for him, and entertains the hope that he will have his patient sufficiently recovered by the 1st of June as to be able to participate in the canvass in Kentucky.

The number of American travelers on the Nile this year is much smaller than usual. Governor Seymour, of Connecticut, ex-Minister to Russia, was at Cairo March 22. Dr. Abbott, proprietor of the collection of Egyptian antiquities in New York, was dangerously ill at Alexandria.

The Rev. Theodore F. White and lady, of Mendham, New York, were "surprised" on the 20th ult. by a party who poured into their house in their absence, took entire possession, filled the larder and cellar with good things, and on the return of the owners presented them with a purse containing over $300 in gold. Their spokesman informed Mr. White that this was a testimonial of their appreciation of his fidelity and worth as an evangelist; after which they all sat down to supper. It was a very happy time for all present.

The Toledo (Ohio) *Times* says that "twenty Toledo Misses" can, with six months' training, perform as well as Piccolomini. Will the *Times* give us the names of these fair Toledoans?

It is said that Sir E. Bulwer Lytton will make about £15,000 out of his last novel, "What will he do with it?"

Miss F. R. Harris argues in the *Sibyl* against the usual long skirts, and in favor of the Bloomer dress for ladies on horseback.

Colonel Sam Pike, of Kentucky, has just started a new paper at Mount Sterling, Kentucky, being the forty-ninth paper he has had the honor of bringing into existence.

The Count de Sartiges has received his long-desired *congé*, and will sail for Europe on the 24th of June. His mission has been discharged unostentatiously, but with great discretion and success. No lady in diplomatic circles has been more respected and esteemed than Madame de Sartiges.

Tachinardi, the father of Madame Persiani, and one of the most distinguished singers of his time, died recently at Florence, where he has lived since his retirement from the stage. He was an ugly man to look at, and once, when on the stage at one of the theatres at Rome, the audience laughed at him. Approaching the footlights, Tachinardi looked at the laughers a minute, and when silence was restored, said, "Gentlemen, I have come here to be heard and not stared at." He was eighty-four years old when he died.

The Republic of Hayti has commissioned two colored gentlemen, Touissant and Merdon, as Ministers to London, where they have been received officially.

The Memphis *Avalanche* has the following interesting reminiscences concerning the brothers of the late Mike Walsh:

"The children consisted of four brothers and a sister, of whom Mike was the youngest, that had been scattered in all directions upon the death of their father. Mike alone remained with his mother. A most singular fatality befell them all. One of the brothers was shot in a duel across a table in a Southern city; another fell by the side of the brave Crockett at the massacre of the Alamo; the third brother was burned in the *Ben Sherrod*, and his sister perished in the ill-fated *Lexington*. The mother soon followed her children, leaving poor Mike to meet a death, under the circumstances, more terrible than any of the rest."

The New York correspondent of the Charleston *News* says: "Daniel E. Sickles, *on dit* (who is back from Washington), is to sail for Europe about the middle or last of June, there to spend a few months in quiet repose, and recuperate his present shattered political energies. The report that he is about to sue for a divorce, is, to employ a cant phrase, all 'bosh.'"

The Albany *Argus* says that Henry W. Preston, once a favorite actor, and for some years manager of theatres in Albany, was drowned on the night of the 3d. About 11 P.M. he was on the dock in the vicinity of the steamboat landing, and being asked by an acquaintance if he was going home, replied, "I have no home; the worms have holes to crawl into, but poor men are without houses to rest in." The next instant his acquaintance heard a fall and a splash in the water. Of late years he had indulged in drink to excess, and was very poor. His body has not yet been found.

A man living near Nashville, Tennessee, who had been absent in California some three years, coming home recently, found a baby only three months old lying in the cradle. Convinced that he had been injured, he at once cut off the infant's ears, to avenge his "wounded honor." The screams of the little sufferer called in the family, when the avenger of domestic purity learned that the child belonged to a neighbor who was visiting his wife. Not being a member of Congress, he was threatened with lynching, and found it prudent to decamp.

M. Alexandre Dumas says his voyage to Russia and the East cost him only $2000, and the money he received from Count Koucheliff was $12,000 for two novels, and that his books bring him in $20,000 a year. He leaves Paris the 15th of May for another two years' excursion. He has sold his "Voyage to Caucasus" for $6000; it is to be published daily, and thirty numbers only issued, consequently he receives 1000 francs daily for it.

Senator Douglas proposes, it is stated, to take another trip to New Orleans. The Chicago *Democrat* says that his autobiography is almost out of the press. It is said to be the best thing which he has written.

The Rev. Dr. Haskill, who was formerly a wandering juggler known as the Fakir of Siva, had been engaged at a salary of $1000, as a clergyman, at Mount Pleasant, Iowa. His preaching there is said to have consisted of harangues, stories, and anecdotes, and his manner of conducting meetings to have been so disgusting that the most aged and experienced of the church were grieved, and ventured to state their grievances, whereupon he came down upon them in the most vituperative manner in the pulpit. Such has been his course and conduct that the church is quite broken up. It is rumored that the preacher and conjurer had eloped with a young lady of Lafayette, Indiana, and the Western folks seem inclined to brand him as an impostor.

Mr. Black, United States Consul at the City of Mexico, who, according to report, has been ordered to leave the country by General Miramon, has acted as consul in that city for more than twenty years. He is now an old man, and very infirm.

A Memphis paper, speaking of Mr. B. Stewart, of Staunton, Virginia, who was among the victims of the disaster on the steamer *St. Nicholas*, says: "His injuries are terrible, having been injured by the falling timbers. He extricated himself by grasping a rod of red-hot iron, in which attempt his hands were awfully burned. He inhaled the steam after the explosion, and thus received, it is feared, fatal internal injuries. His condition last night was, indeed, hopeless. Mr. Stewart is a son of the Hon. A. H. H. Stewart, and, it will be remembered, was on his way to Alexandria, Louisiana, where he was to have been married."

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR.

ENGLAND'S LAST PROPOSITIONS TO SARDINIA AND AUSTRIA.

THE Piedmontese *Gazette* of the 18th of April published the answer of the Sardinian Government to the London Cabinet, with reference to the request of the latter that Sardinia should consent to the principle of a general and simultaneous disarmament before the assembling of the Congress. This answer was forwarded by telegraph, and the following is the text, which formed the leading point in the debate in Parliament on the same day, and became the turning point of the crisis:

"If Sardinia had been admitted to the Congress on the same footing as the other great Powers, she would, like France, have accepted the principle of a general disarmament, in the hope that her assent would not produce consequences detrimental to Italy. Her exclusion from the Congress does not permit her to make any such engagement, and still less the engagement which England requires. However, to conciliate the efforts of England in behalf of the safety of Piedmont, and in order to maintain tranquillity in Italy, Sardinia is willing, if Austria will cease sending fresh troops into Lombardy, to undertake:

"1. Not to place her reserve under arms, as had been resolved on since the Austrian reserves had been called in.—2. Not to mobilize her army, which is not on a war footing.—3. Not to move her troops from the purely defensive position which they have occupied for three months."

On the 18th ultimo, after an interview between Lord Malmesbury and the Marquis d'Azeglio, the special Sardinian Envoy, who had just reached London, Sardinia agreed to the principle of a general disarmament, on condition that she and the other Italian States were admitted to the proposed Congress. This formed the text of the final proposition of England, which Austria has since so decidedly rejected.

THE NATURE OF ENGLAND'S PROPOSITION TO AUSTRIA.

The Paris *Moniteur* of the 21st contains the following:

"England has made to the other four great Powers the following propositions:

"*First.* To effectuate previous to the Congress a general and simultaneous disarmament.

"*Second.* The disarmament to be regulated by a military or civil commission independently of Congress, and this Commission to be composed of six Commissioners, one of whom shall be a Sardinian.

"*Third.* As soon as the Commission shall have commenced operations the Congress shall assemble and proceed to discuss the political question.

"*Fourth.* The Representatives of the Italian States shall be invited, immediately after the assembling of the Congress, to take their seats with the Representatives of the Great Powers absolutely, as at the Congress of Laybach, in 1821."

AUSTRIA REJECTS THE PROPOSITION.

To this proposal all the Powers gave assent, except Austria, which rejected it.

In regard to this proposition Lord Derby spoke as follows, in the House of Lords, on the 18th of April: "The time is nearly come when England—which has, indeed, made one more effort, suggested one more proposition, which I am not at liberty to lay before your lordships—shall say that the period has gone by for trifling, and that, having exhausted all her powers of persuasion, and left no stone unturned to effect a settlement upon principles which have received the unanimous approval of her Parliament, she must, however reluctantly, withdraw from interference in affairs in which she can no longer hope her interference would be useful to the public interests or consistent with her own dignity, and must again reserve to herself, as she has done up to the present moment, absolute and entire freedom to take such steps as she may hereafter think fit."

The *Daily News* says the reply of the Emperor of Austria has been received. He declines to reconsider the responsibility incurred in commencing war in the heart of Europe. Count Buol declares his master, having taken his course, will pursue it to the end.

THE EFFECT IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

The Paris *Moniteur* says: "Austria has not given her adhesion to the proposition made by England and accepted by France, Russia, and Prussia—besides which it appears that the Cabinet of Vienna have resolved upon addressing a direct communication to the Cabinet of Turin, in order to obtain the disarmament of Piedmont. In consequence of these facts, the Emperor has ordered the concentration of several divisions of the army on the frontiers of Piedmont."

The *Times* says: "A Cabinet Council was at once summoned, and the English Government is said to have promptly telegraphed to Vienna the strongest protest against the Austrian menace."

The *Evening Herald* of the same date contains a similar announcement, and it is otherwise fully confirmed.

THE DIE CAST.

A special edition of the London *Times*, of the 21st of April, contains the following highly important telegram:

"TURIN, *Monday, April* 21.

"Gyulai, the Austrian commander in Lombardy, has been ordered to present an ultimatum to Sardinia for the disarmament and the sending away of volunteers. If refused, war is to be declared in three days. Two more divisions of the Austrian Army, consisting of 80,000 men, have been ordered to the Ticino."

The following official statement was published at Vienna on Friday, April 22:

"Piedmont, which has for some years past endangered Austria's rights, has been summoned most urgently by Austria to disarm—besides, this demand is expressly to Piedmont. Austria adheres firmly to the proposal for a general disarmament, although she can not make that proposal subordinate to the summons she has addressed to Sardinia."

The *Times* says: "The Imperial manifesto which is to accompany the declaration of war against Sardinia is already prepared. Austria, mistress of the position, is ready by the act of State and deed of war to initiate the sanguinary drama upon which the curtain is about to rise. There is no doubt that a general movement of the French forces has taken place on the entire Piedmontese frontiers."

AUSTRIAN PREPARATIONS.

The Austrian Southern Railway has been retained for the exclusive service of the Government, and troops and ammunition were being constantly conveyed over it.

It is reported that the Austrians had entered the Duchies of Tuscany, Parma, and Modena.

It is stated that the mission to Berlin of the Archduke Albrecht, of Austria, had been most completely successful, he having signed a military convention with Prussia, by which the latter engages to send to the Rhine an army of 28,000 men under the command of the Prince Regent. If the negotiations for peace fail, this force will be increased by the contingent of Bavaria, 60,000 strong, and the 8th Federal Army Corps of 60,000, while other contingents will be held ready to march.

FRENCH WAR MOVEMENTS.

The *Times* Paris correspondent says there is no cessation of the armaments.

Masses of troops continue to concentrate at Lyons.

An army is to be collected on the Rhine frontier, and numerous cavalry regiments have already commenced marching thither.

A number of regiments of Hussars have been ordered to proceed by forced marches to the Piedmontese frontiers.

French soldiers on renewable furlough are reported to have been called in.

General Randon is spoken of as the Major-General of the army on the Piedmont frontiers.

The First Infantry division of the Army of Paris was to leave Paris for Toulon by railway on the evening of the 22d.

The London *Herald* gives, in a semi-official form, some specific and exclusive information relating to the movements of the French Army. It says that orders have been given for the embarkation at Toulon of 30,000 troops—not, however, to sail till further orders. The divisions at Lyons, Grenoble, Besançon, etc., have also received orders to be ready to march at a minute's notice, but not to move till further instructions. The total French force destined to co-operate with Sardinia in the event of war, estimated at 80,000, will be in two divisions—one commanded by Canrobert, and the other by Baraguay l'Hilliers—the whole actively under the command of the Emperor in person.

The *Constitutionnel* announces that part of the army of Paris has received orders to hold itself in readiness to march.

SARDINIAN PREPARATIONS.

The Turin correspondent of the *Times* says that Count Cavour must fall if war is not declared, and such an event would possibly be the signal for insurrection in various parts of Italy, and perhaps serious disturbances in Piedmont, where 20,000 Italian volunteers confidently await hostilities.

The Sardinian steamers on the Lago Maggiore, with a single exception, had ceased running, and been placed at the disposal of the Government.

The *Patrie* says that General Marmora has informed the French Government by telegraph that the Austrian army has made a significant movement on the strategical line of the Ticino, and that he feared he might be attacked at any moment.

The King of Sardinia also held a Council of Ministers on Thursday, the 21st.

THE FEELING IN GERMANY.

The danger of war was considered so imminent at Frankfort that the Federal Diet, which had been holding secret sittings, had resolved not to adjourn for the Easter holidays.

The newspapers in Prussia, it is said, have been requested not to publish any thing connected with the preparations for war or movements of the troops.

A Berlin dispatch of the 21st says the semi-official *Prussian Gazette* publishes an article which states that the assembling of the Congress is becoming more and more doubtful, and that the state of affairs having assumed a most serious aspect, it induces the Prussian Government to think that it is a proper time to make proposals to the Federal Diet for the purpose of taking general measures for its own interest and safety. The Government has preceded these proposals by ordering three *corps d'armée*, seventy thousand strong, to be placed on a war footing. These measures are merely of a defensive character, and without any aggressive intention.

ENGLAND DOES NOT SYMPATHIZE WITH AUSTRIA.

The London *Times* says: "We think it would be found that, while neither Austria nor France had secured the sympathies of the English people, the power which appeared to be most intent upon war had most signally drawn upon itself the opprobrium of the most sober and most powerful classes in this country. English opinion does not go with the tyrants who have so cruelly crushed the Italian people, nor with the Imperial liberator of Italy who reigns so absolute in France. Every Englishman is profoundly convinced that Italy is, and long has been, in an abnormal state. Austria is in possession of two-thirds of that peninsula, partly under the justification of treaties, but partly, also, without any justification except that of an alleged necessity, and without any excuse except that of having thrown into the Roman States a force capable of opposition to the encroachments of France. Austria's treaties with the smaller Italian Powers have made her in effect the arbiter of the destinies of the whole Italian race. It is the belief of all who are not Austrians that this influence has, for the most part, been used to enforce those systems of government which grate most harshly upon the sensibilities of an Italian, and that her power in her own provinces has been exercised rather to crush all opposition than to protect and encourage the reasonable liberties of a sensitive and intelligent people. We can not believe in England that this state of things can be consistent with a condition of permanent peace. We can not hope that peace will arise from the chronic antagonism of France and Austria in the Roman States. We can not see peace in the interference, which has now become habitual to Austria, with the small Italian Powers, and which enables every little tyrant to tell his discontented subjects that he possesses an army of a hundred thousand men on the further bank of the Po. We can not see peace in that martial law which rules throughout Lombardy and is so strong at Venice. Without reference to the questions which are now filling the minds of statesmen, there is sufficient in the ordinary position of Austria in Italy to create a chronic disquietude in Europe, and to occasion war at any moment. Public opinion in England, which desires the preservation of peace in Europe and the improvement of Austrian rule in Italy, is certainly not in favor of things as they are; and *any Minister would be thought mad who should propose to an English House of Commons to declare war against France in order to support Austria in the position she has occupied since* 1815. If England has ever taken any part in discussions on Italian questions, it has been with offers, not of support, but of mediation, and the means proposed have always been to modify those dangerous existing conditions which afford a standing excuse for war. If Austria is rushing into war with a hope that she has England behind her, it is only charitable to bid her pause and reflect before she takes a step that can not be recalled.

OR WITH FRANCE.

"So far as we know the minds of our countrymen, we should say that there is certainly no more probability of the Emperor Napoleon finding sympathy, or applause, or assistance from England than there is that we should go to war for the sake of Austria. It is true that, to a certain extent, the policy toward Italy avowed by France and that approved by England are one and the same. If we had full and entire confidence in the singleness of purpose and the moderation of all those who profess to seek the well-being of Italy, we might, perhaps, be content to join in putting pressure upon Austria to compel her to be merciful. But our difficulty is with our ally. How can we tell whether his objects are our objects? How can we say what may be the ultimate result when the plains of Lombardy and all the fortresses of the Roman States are occupied by French armies? There is not in all England a roomful of enthusiasts so credulous as to believe that the Emperor Napoleon is in this matter altogether disinterested, or that his views are bounded by the desire that Italy shall be free and independent. All men see that while the Emperor Napoleon is talking the language of the Carbonari, he is acting out the old policy of the Bonaparte family. If we judge by what he is doing rather than by what he is saying, France, under his guidance, is now again seeking to become an Italian Power. She has got Piedmont within her grasp, and, as Tuscany and Modena must fall if the Austrians are beaten in Lombardy, we may not unreasonably suspect that our liberty-loving ally sees, as a possible contingency, the restoration of the Kingdom of Etruria and the accession of Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clotilde to that throne. As a necessary consequence of the success of such a policy, we can not but foresee that the Italian states would then all become dependencies of France, as they now are of Austria, and that France, disposing of the resources of Italy by land or by sea, would then become, to a great extent, mistress of the Mediterranean, and perfectly able to prosecute any designs she might form against this country or against Germany. With these considerations pressing upon us, it will not be difficult for Continental Powers to believe that the sympathies of England are, in this coming war, not attracted more powerfully toward the Emperor of the French than they are toward the Emperor of Austria."

ENGLAND.

DISSOLUTION OF PARLIAMENT.

Both Houses of Parliament assembled on the 19th for the purpose of prorogation. The Queen's Speech was read by the Lord Chancellor. It merely says that it is intended to dissolve Parliament forthwith, with the view to enable the people to express, in the mode prescribed by the Constitution, their opinion on the state of public affairs; thanks the Commons for granting the necessary supplies; and concludes by stating that a dissolution has been rendered necessary by the difficulties experienced in carrying on the public business, as indicated by the fact that within a little more than a year two successive Administrations have failed to retain the confidence of the House of Commons; and hopes that the result may enable the Government to be conducted by a government possessed of the confidence of Parliament and the people.

Mr. Disraeli said that Parliament would be formally dissolved, and writs issued for the new election, on the 23d.

MORPHY RETURNING HOME.

Morphy, the American chess champion, was being *fêted* by the London players. He again played eight games, simultaneously, blindfold, his adversaries being very skillful men. He won two, and the other six games were drawn, after seven hours' play. Mr. Morphy was on the eve of leaving for America.

FRANCE.

MISS WARD AGAIN.

The musical world has been occupied with the *début* of Madame Guerrabella, who is the daughter of a former American consul to Liverpool, Mr. Ward. She is remarkable for great beauty. Her history is peculiar. On the death of the consul, Mrs. Ward left for Italy, in order to complete the musical education of her daughter. At Rome the beauty and talents of the young lady attracted the attention of a young Russian nobleman, the Count Guerbel. As no other proposition but marriage was admissible, the Count demanded Miss Ward's hand, and they were privately married at Rome. A short time afterward the bridegroom disappeared; and, after the most heart-rending anxiety on the part of the deserted wife and her mother, news was received of his return to Russia; and when applied to for explanation of his extraordinary conduct, he returned for answer that he considered himself a free man, not having been married in the Greek Church, and that Miss Ward was also at liberty to marry whom she pleased, without any fear of molestation from him. The bitterness and indignation with which this communication was received can be well imagined; but the American mother was not to be put down by threats or contempt—she immediately set forth with her daughter for St. Petersburg. There the American consul, taking the affair in hand, laid the case before the Emperor Nicholas, who, immediately sending for the Count, after administering a reprimand, declared it his imperial will that the marriage should be immediately performed in the imperial chapel of the palace. This was accordingly done, and Miss Ward became the Countess of Guerbel to all intents and purposes; but, the ceremony over, she withdrew, nor would she ever apply for one farthing of the income which the Count dare not for the life of him withhold from her, should she insist upon claiming it. The Yankee ladies must somewhat have surprised the Muscovite gentleman.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, May* 7, 1859.

THE movements in the principal kinds of Breadstuffs, especially in Flour, have been quite extensive, and prices have generally advanced. Light receipts, diminishing supplies, and an active inquiry, have increased the confidence of sellers....Cotton has been quite dull and heavy....Hog Products have been more freely offered at irregular rates. The demand has not been very brisk. Beef has been actively sought after at higher prices. Butter and Cheese have been depressed....The transactions in Groceries have been more extensive, and Sugars and Rice have advanced....Hay and Seeds have been in good demand at uniform quotations....Hemp, Hops, Hides and Leather, Tobacco, and Wool have been very moderately inquired for....Fish, Naval Stores, and Oils have been more freely dealt in....The Dry Goods trade has exhibited increased activity among jobbers, especially in desirable styles of Domestic fabrics, prices of which have been sustained. The value of the week's imports of Dry Goods has been $1,782,246 against $759,843 the same week last year. The imports since January 1 have been $41,477,693 against $17,357,669 same time last year. The movements in other commodities have not been productive of any remarkable changes.

Stocks of several Articles in New York about May 1.

	1858.	1859.
Ashes, barrels	1,435	1,286
Coffee, packages	45,673	68,000
Cotton, bales	62,815	89,864
Dyewoods, tons	3,143	8,631
Hemp, tons	525	345
Hemp, bales	24,690	21,958
Hides, number	155,800	79,500
Leather, Sole, sides	117,400	61,500
Molasses, hogsheads	4,507	9,056
Molasses, tierces and barrels	3,960	10,328
NAVAL STORES:		
Turpentine, Crude, barrels	—	8,000
Turpentine, Spirits, barrels	—	1,500
Tar, barrels	—	2,500
Pork, barrels	41,730	94,392
Beef, tierces and barrels	22,672	58,072
Rice, tierces	10,685	11,608
Sugars, hogsheads	25,904	56,596
Sugars, boxes	16,173	18,808
Sugars, bags	15,326	20,250
Tobacco, Crude, hogsheads	4,403	8,074
Tobacco, Crude, bales	857	8,184
Tobacco, Manufactured, pkgs.	26,938	39,397

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were moderately supplied with Beef, which were in pretty fair request at steady rates....Milch Cows attracted rather more attention....Veal Calves were plenty, and selling slowly at former prices....Sheep and Lambs were rather scarce, with a fair demand. Hogs were arriving and selling moderately.

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

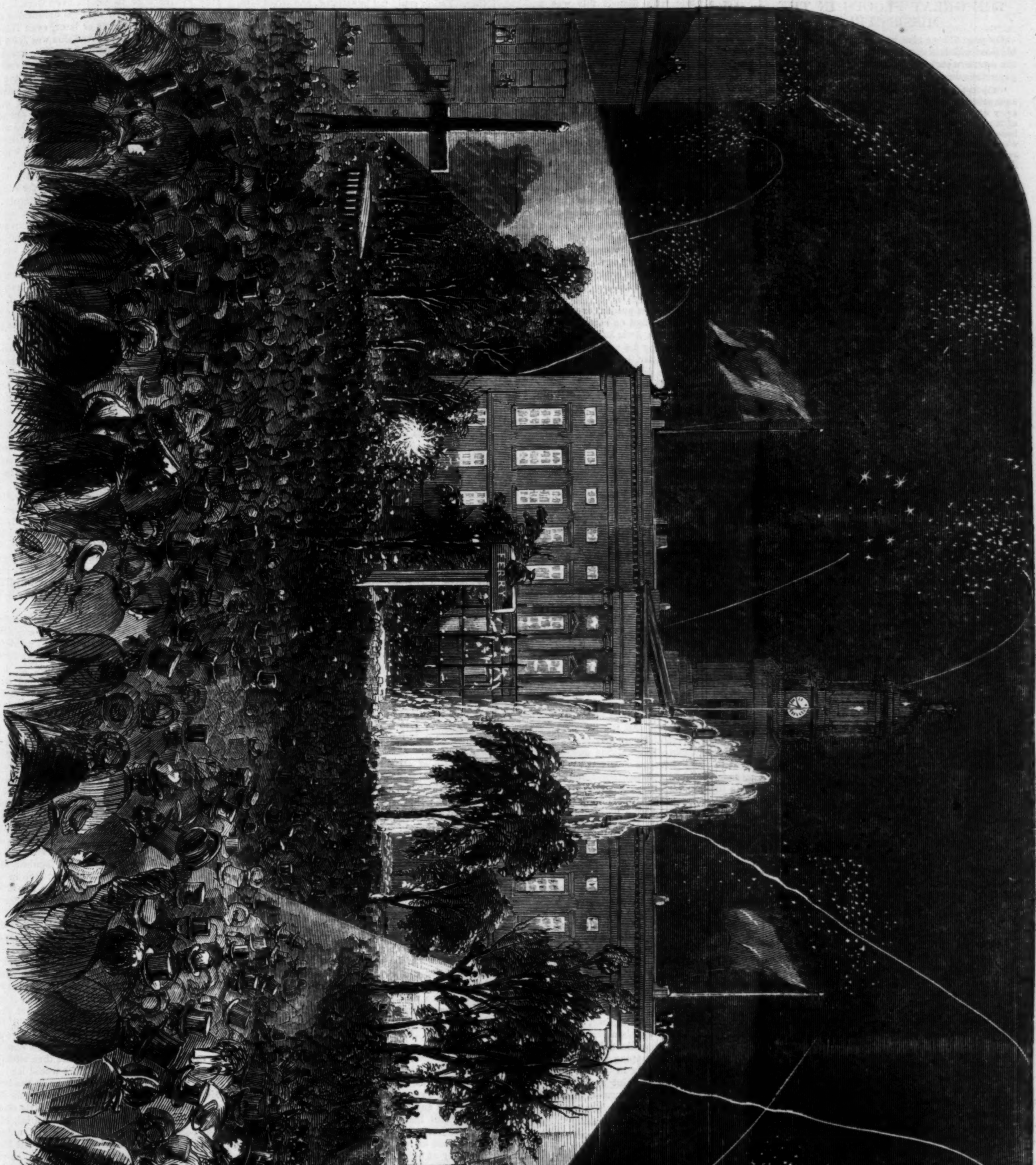
Ordinary to Premium Beeves, per pound	$ 9½	@	$ 12½
Fair to good Milch Cows, per head	40 00	@	60 00
Veal Calves, per pound	3½	@	6½
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 50	@	6 00
" " per pound	4	@	7
Live Swine	6	@	6½
Dressed "	7½	@	8½
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@	2 00

The Country Produce Markets have been somewhat brisker. New Vegetables are coming in more freely, and are declining. The demand for Vegetables is good. The trade in Poultry and Game is spiritless, and prices are working down.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel	$2 50	@	$6 00
Dried Apples, per pound	7½	@	8½
Dried Peaches, peeled	10	@	14½
Pineapples, per 100	75	@	1 75
Potatoes, per barrel	1 00	@	2 25
Potatoes, new	4 00	@	4 50
Potatoes, sweet	3 50	@	4 25
Onions	3 50	@	4 75
Turnips	87	@	1 00
Parsnips	1 00	@	1 25
Beets	87	@	1 00
Carrots	1 00	@	1 25
Cabbage, new, per 100	4 50	@	7 50
Cranberries, Eastern, per barrel	12 00	@	15 00
Garlic, per 100 bunches	4 50	@	5 00
Green Peas, per barrel	3 00	@	3 75
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	14½	@	15½
Chickens, per pound	12	@	15½
Fowls	9	@	13
Geese	10	@	13
Turkeys	14	@	16
Ducks	14	@	18
" black, per pair	62	@	75
" broad bills	62	@	75
" Brant	1 00	@	1 25
Pigeons, per dozen	1 75	@	2 25
Wild Pigeons	1 25	@	1 75
English Snipe, per dozen	2 25	@	3 00

THE FLOOD IN THE MISSISSIPPI.—[See Page 314.]



FIRE-WORKS AT THE BROOKLYN CITY HALL, ON THE INAUGURATION OF THE WATER-WORKS, APRIL 28, 1859.

THE GREAT FLOODS IN THE MISSISSIPPI.

ON page 312 we give an illustration of the terrible flood which is causing so much devastation in the southern part of the Mississippi. A Southern paper thus describes the scene:

"The sights that met our eyes at intervals were of the most painful description. Plantations and villages were every where overflowed, and wet and mould—the effects of the overflow—were in and about the houses. The houses themselves were either in or over the water; when built on pillars, the water was flowing beneath, and the tenants prisoners within, the skiff or dugout being the only 'vehicle' for going abroad. Houses less elevated were deserted, and the universal flood was carrying desolation, decay, and, too probably, disease into every apartment.

"In many instances flat-boats were moored beside such habitations, two-thirds of which were occupied by horses, hogs, cows, and chickens; a portion of the remainder was roofed over, and there lived the negroes, and there the feed and provisions, brought down by passing boats, were preserved. Every boat is hailed with earnest anxiety for news of the state of the river above. Many of the citizens show signs of great depression; they bore up bravely against the calamitous flood of last summer, but a second affliction of the same kind, following so closely on the heels of the first, has proved too much for their courage, and heart-rending complaints are made of difficulty and privation. This is, however, by no means universally the case; there are brave hearts that bear their misfortunes cheerfully; we have heard of one of the 'drowned out' who congratulated himself, that, if meat and 'chicken fixens' were scarce, he could keep Lent like a bishop, having nothing to do when he wanted a breakfast but to let down a rail and permit a cat-fish to enter.'

THE ILLUMINATION AT BROOKLYN.

THE illustration on page 313 will convey to the beholder a fair idea of the illuminations at Brooklyn, on 28th ult., in honor of the Water-Works. A reporter thus describes the scene:

"The festivities of the day were closed by a splendid display of fire-works at the City Hall park, which was witnessed by a crowd of people estimated at from twenty to thirty thousand. The park and streets surrounding it were densely packed, and the 'sea of upturned faces' extended in bayous and creeks as far as the eye could reach up and down the various streets converging to that common centre. The scene from the front of the City Hall was of the most magnificent description. The beautiful edifice was handsomely illuminated by six or eight hundred colored Chinese lanterns, suspended inside of the windows, and from the roof blazed two immense calcium lights, shedding their powerful white glare over the immense crowd. Another light of the same description was mounted on the top of a building at the northern end of the park, fronting the City Hall. The park fountain was playing a large stream, fifty or sixty feet high, which descended in clouds and sheets of spray, and through which the lights danced and glimmered with brilliant and fantastic hues. Most of the buildings surrounding the park were illuminated with colored lanterns and candles; and altogether the scene was grandly exhilarating."

NOT AT ALL STRANGE.

I.

JOHN PIERRE MANOLT was a good, likely fellow, with a jovial face, a snapping dark eye, an abundance of black hair, and a hard hand. He was an engineer by trade, hard working, steady, and reliable, made a comfortable home for an old mother, and loved and obeyed her in all things save one. This single disobedience a thousand will pardon for one that will condemn.

Let us tell how.

When John Pierre Manolt had reached the age of twenty-five chance threw in his way Esther Ford. To say Esther was pretty would be dismissing her personality with much less attention than it deserved. She was young; too young for a wife. Sixteen was her age, but she was womanly beyond her years. Manolt, in the days of their courtship, had called her his doll, and in her wifehood the name came to her as "Dolly." It was a doll style of beauty—a full blue eye, curling flaxen hair, a prettily rounded arm and shoulders, which to the day of her marriage were displayed by low-necked and short-sleeved dresses. She was not wild or assuming with strangers; but it required not long to win Esther's confidence: and thus it was that Manolt, four months after first meeting Esther Ford, brought her home as his wife, though he felt seriously the half-uttered protests of the mother. The elder lady had been educated in too strict a school as maid, wife, and widow, to believe that the age and body of the time could change, and that young girls should not be the same as they had been half a century before. She could not realize that at fifteen or sixteen, which to her was only an emergence from childhood, they should attend balls, drink wine at supper, wear low-necked dresses, go on steamboat picnic parties away into the country with sundry young men, and still make good wives and good mothers. Perhaps she was right theoretically, but, practically, she may have been wrong.

Esther Ford—who was the only child of a widow, and was allowed to do, as her mother expressed it, "just as she pleased"—pleased to do all these things. And though she would have shrunk in terror from making an acquaintance in the street, she thought it entirely right, on the strength of an introduction at a public ball, by the floor manager, to dance many times with Manolt, to consent that he should call upon her next evening, and to aid him in that end by giving her address. And from this sprang the union of these two. The girl of sixteen was brought home to be attended like a child by the husband's aged mother. She was totally unfit for all the duties of the household, and totally unfit to learn. Whatever might have passed through the mind of the mother, no word ever escaped to the ears of the children, and so the months wore away—the wife remaining an idler in the home of her husband, and, as a natural result, a gatherer of discontent.

For a while with Manolt this was nothing. When at night he came wearied from his work, he found every thing as it had been in other days: he found a cheerful supper, a cleanly house, and a look of thrift. And then he knew that with a few pleasant words, and a kind embrace or two, he could remove the pettish, peevish manner of the young wife. But he lacked the power of looking beneath the surface. He did not notice that on the face of the mother there sat a certain shadow—a shadow that flitted not before his pleasant words, or became less in his embraces.

For a while, we say, Manolt did not see all this; but when one day the firm for whom he had worked many years told him, sorrowfully, that necessity would compel them to part with him, and Manolt found himself with scarcely a week's notice unemployed and without any immediate hope of occupation, he had a good opportunity of seeing all the silent shortcomings of his home—of seeing them under circumstances of the most unfavorable nature, and of remonstrating against them, as a man might be supposed to remonstrate, who saw want staring him daily in the face, only a short distance removed.

He had never been a prudent or provident man. Now, when he could find no immediate market for his services, and the little balance that had been paid him on the day he was discharged melted away, dollar by dollar, he knew this and felt it, and many were the good resolves he made that the future should see it bettered.

Month after month passed by, and still he wandered wearily from shop to shop, at times aroused with the hope of a coming day, when his hand and his head would command a price. His name and residence lay on the books of a score of shops, waiting a time when some sudden influx of work would create a necessity for more labor, when he was promised that his application should receive a first attention. His money had melted away, his watch had gone, all the little ways of obtaining small sums had become exhausted, and debt was already pressing heavily on the idle man. It should not be thought strange if at these times whatever irritability there might be in the man's nature should show itself.

It was then the true ministering of woman could have elevated her to an angel. But oh! that such things will be; that the tired, weary-hearted, debt-oppressed, almost despairing man, should return to his home only to be met at the threshold by the gloomy face of his beautiful wife, and to hear from her lips childish complaints of their poverty, and her deprivation of many of the little articles of dress or luxury that she had enjoyed in their days of prosperity. It was not as it had been, that her complaints could be stopped with a kiss, and her wants with a promise. The kisses, she said, had become an old story, and the promises were void of fulfillment. There were no more balls, no more theatres, no more picnics—the money that once went to these pleasures now was expended in the stern facts of food and necessities, and of late scantily in those. Sometimes Manolt in very desperation would not go forth on his daily tramp through the work-shops, and then he would have his wife dress prettily, and they would walk together, and while gazing into the shop-windows he would draw a smile to her face for an instant by showing what he would buy her had he but the money; and then bid her hope for the coming time. Dress was, and always had been, Esther's passion, and even amidst their poverty many little struggles were made that the wife should have some trifle of adornment to gratify a suddenly conceived wish, and perhaps the husband's pride; while he would walk beside his baby-looking wife gazing upon her beauty, and seeing nothing in all the world equal to it—feeling that he could make every sacrifice that she might be happy, and a frown never set upon her face.

That fatal passion, that festering insanity of woman, nurtured by the father, brother, and the husband, that hurries more victims, yearly, to a terrible end with her sex than the intoxicating cup with the other; the silent, insidious fiend that creeps, step by step, sapping away modesty, honor, and virtue, leaving only in the end a pale, ghastly, painted spectre to point back upon the road, over which it can never return—a Ghoul: for what was once a Woman—Dress!

II.

IT was on one of these walks that Manolt passed Greer, of the firm of Greer, Brothers, machinists. Thomas Greer was walking fast, and, as he came toward Manolt, was looking steadily at the lady who walked with him. As he quickly raised his eyes to Manolt's face he saluted him and hurried on.

John thought next day, and told his wife so, that it was a most fortunate circumstance that they had happened to meet Mr. Greer, thereby bringing Manolt's name to his memory, and eliciting a message for him, that, if he would come to Greer's shop next morning, there was a job of work waiting his acceptance.

Much, therefore, did John congratulate himself on his good fortune; and more on the fact that Thomas Greer seemed to take an especial liking to him, making advances toward acquaintance quite gratifying to Manolt. Gradually this acquaintance ripened to an intimacy, and in a few weeks John Manolt and Thomas Greer could be seen together in the evenings, and on Sundays; while Greer was a visitor at the house of Manolt, and, with a quiet, open manner, seemed to gain the suffrages of both wife and mother. There was but one drawback to all this. It was the pressure of debt upon John, who, notwithstanding his employment, did not extricate himself from the weight. There were so many schemes of pleasure, so many days for enjoyment during which John was excused by Greer from the shop, and Greer made one of the party to picnic, for a ride, or an excursion, for which some new article of dress had to be bought, that it was not only impossible for John to relieve himself from debts, but they were still accumulating. Esther could not be satiated, and Greer said, "Let her have pleasure; she is young, and should enjoy herself." The old mother never spoke of all this, but John could not fail to see that she was fading fast, and sadly lacked that spirit which sat so kindly on her in other days. And so the parties of pleasure were continued, and John was encouraged to find that his days, lost from work, were counted the same as though he had been faithful, though he could not help knowing that, each day so lost, he spent three times what he could have earned in that time. But Esther was happier, or seemed to be so; both she and Manolt had become quite apt in warding away duns and obtaining credits, and even in the first days of their marriage they were not so well dressed as now.

And then Esther became a mother. A beautiful girl endeared her still more to her husband, and plunged him still deeper in debt; but with the advantage that it confined the mother more to her home, though sad enough would have been the fate of the little innocent but for the care of the grandmother, who accepted the charge with joy, and felt a new life in the coming of the first grandchild.

Now came a blow for which John had not calculated. He was threatened with arrest for obtaining some dry goods for Esther on false representations, unless the debt so made was immediately settled. The result was, that, without daring to say a word on the subject, he had given a lien on the furniture of his house to secure the payment within a month. The days slipped away, and John saw no means of releasing himself from the obligation.

One day, upon coming to the shop, Thomas Greer informed Manolt that himself and brothers were about erecting an engine in the neighborhood of Havana, and the opportunity was open to him to accept the job of putting it up—a job that would take about three months, and be remunerative. John heard the terms, and did not hesitate in accepting it. He had long had his mind turned toward Cuba as a spot where his trade would be particularly profitable, and this offer gave him a chance of testing it. He would go, taking Esther and his mother, and after the erection of the engine seek other channels for his labor. This plan he stated to Thomas Greer, who opposed it entirely; he did not want John to take his family with him, and he wanted him to return. John refused the position on any other terms than those stated. He could not go and leave them in New York to be stripped in a few weeks of the furniture of his house. If he carried them with him, he did not care what became of the furniture; he would commence a new life, and fight his way forward in his new home. For a long time Thomas Greer used every form of argument to persuade John not to take his family; but as his argument was based in ignorance of John's real motive, and as he knew nothing of the lien on the furniture, all his words had no effect.

In spite of all this, John was astonished one morning to be told by one of Thomas Greer's brothers that they had altered their minds regarding the engine; that it would not be sent to Havana yet, and therefore his services would not be required as they had supposed. John bent to the necessity of his position, though he felt it a great disappointment, and all anew his troubles with reference to his household fell upon him. The time was approaching very near, and he had not one dollar of the money. This was the absorbing thought day and night; and on the day previous to the amount becoming due Manolt, in his own mind, decided to see Thomas Greer, tell him the whole story, and solicit the loan of the sum from him. With this in view, on the noon recess, coming from work, he stepped into the little office where Greer was always to be found, and where he acted as book-keeper and cashier of the foundry. At the time of entering Greer was busy paying away money, and John saw with a thrill heaps of bank-notes lying in the drawer from whence he was paying. He could not help gazing with hungry eyes; one quarter of what he there saw would make him the happiest man in the world. Thomas Greer was busy, but, one by one, the parties with whom he was engaged transacted their business and went away. The last one was speaking of having an engine built, and Thomas, shutting the drawer but leaving it unlocked, went with him into the work-shop, telling John to wait for him.

Let such as are without sin cast the first stone mentally at John Pierre Manolt, who opened that drawer and, seizing a portion of the money lying there, fled into the street, terrified as much at his own act as though he had done murder in its commission. He fled with rapid steps to his home, where Esther looked upon him with astonishment; his blood-shot eyes and pallid face frightened her, and John's husky asseveration of "Nothing," in answer to her inquiry of "What is the matter?" left her crying. Something dreadful, she was sure, had happened; but he would not stay in the house, he must be gone again. And he was gone. He must not keep the accursed money in his pocket.

Avoiding the main streets, and shrinking from every one who looked at him, Manolt fled along toward the store of the one who held the claim on his furniture. To this a large part of the money was appropriated. From thence he passed, like one pursued, to various creditors, to each of whom he gave their claim. In an hour he was without money, and felt somewhat relieved, as he bent his steps again toward home. Mr. Robert Greer, the elder brother, had been there—a hard, stern man he was—and would come again. Now John knew the robbery had been discovered, and he was known as the perpetrator. What must he do? He could not fly: he would not fly. If accused, he would indignantly deny the charge and defy all proof. What a fatal error for the transgressor! A deed committed in the haste of a moment, by one too much agitated and excited to cover up the very proofs that convict him. He forgets that the cool intellects of perhaps a score are brought to bear on the action—intellects in many cases themselves schooled in rascality—urged on by the hope of gain in his detection. How can he hope to escape, even were it not an immutable Divine law that his dereliction should be visited on him sooner or later, even though it escapes man's scrutiny? And this was John Pierre Manolt's mistake. That night, with a great choking sickness at his heart, when Robert Greer came again and asked him to walk away from the house that he might speak with him a few moments on private business; and when John went out, determining on that course, and casting one glance on his terrified wife and sleeping child, he already felt almost a bitterness against Robert Greer that he had dared come to him on the errand which his guilt told him was the cause of his coming, and he determined to the last breath to deny the charge, and depend on his previous integrity for support.

Robert Greer spoke calmly and sternly. He was the oldest of the brothers, and the most unbending. It was said among the workman that the capital of the concern was Robert's; and he was never known to speak to any one of the workmen on any subject save his allotted business, and was never seen to smile. He told Manolt plainly, and without softening, that the money had been taken from the desk, and that he was the thief. And then, in as few words, informed him that, if he would restore the money no prosecution would take place; his refusal to do so would end in the reverse. Had John wished to act on this advice it was too late; he could not restore the money; he could, therefore, only pursue his resolve. He denied the act indignantly, vehemently, ending in abuse of his accuser. Robert Greer stopped in the street at this point, and an unknown man, who had been following without attracting Manolt's notice, now made his appearance on the scene, taking his stand near Manolt. A few hurried whispers passed between this man and Robert Greer, after which Greer went away, and the unknown man told Manolt he was a prisoner, and must go with him.

The first night in a prison! What gains by villainy can compensate for it! What terrors, what awakenings of the past and crushings of the future does it contain! What peering into the darkness! What loathing of the touch! How long and well should the wronged think before he consigns the wronger to the care of a prison! In that one moment he may be crushing out the light of a soul, darkening all its future, and making one who might yet be a man a fiend.

The next day Manolt was brought up for examination, and sat before a magistrate exposed to a hundred eyes that looked upon him as a thief. He had many pressing offers of counsel, who all suddenly disappeared when they heard he had no money, and that none had been found on him. The examination was short, and the evidence overwhelming—far beyond what Manolt had calculated on. Thomas Greer was the first witness. He swore to the fact of leaving the prisoner in the office and the money-drawer unlocked; after an absence of a few moments he returned to find the prisoner gone, and the drawer robbed. Two witnesses testified to seeing Manolt hastily leaving the office, thrusting what appeared to be bank-notes in his pocket. And last, and most fatal, came the one to whom he had paid a large part of the money, which was identified by Thomas Greer as the same left by him in the drawer. And then this man told the story of how this money came to be paid him. And the story told hard against Manolt, showing that this was not his first step in wrong. And the result of it all was that John Pierre Manolt was fully committed to take his trial for grand larceny in default of bail.

Next day came his mother. We will draw a vail over that interview. And the wife came not. But why? Mr. Thomas Greer had advised not. Manolt had no favor, no mercy to ask. He would not longer deny his guilt; it was worse than useless. But he would not ask mercy. If they chose to show it, it was well; if they offered it not, he could suffer. But the wife, why did not the wife come? A very few days passed while Manolt fretted and chafed in his prison-cell. Once during this time a turnkey told him that his case would be called in the term of the court then sitting, and it was thought the prosecutors would let it drop. There was just a glimmer of hope in the heart of Manolt that it might be true: when one day he was awakened from sleep—he had little else to do but sleep—and told to come out for trial, his case had been called. All uncombed and unwashed, filthy in the clothes which had not left his back from the day he was thrust into prison, he was led into the court-room. Every thing about him was a whirl. The court assigned him counsel, who came to the wretched man to consult. What had he to tell? Only that he was guilty. It was a poor point for his counsel to build on, but he did his best. He cross-examined the witnesses and bullied them, thereby making them tell their story as darkly as possible. He amazed the judge by taking exceptions to his ruling, and in just one hour and twenty minutes succeeded in getting from the twelve men, who by courtesy were supposed to be a jury of Manolt's peers, a verdict of guilty, and from the judge, without farther delay, a sentence of five years to the State Prison. "Officer, remove your prisoner. Call the next case."

III.

AND now wretched Manolt was as utterly shut away from the outside world as though he had been tried and convicted. He was powerless to fee counsel; he was unable to bribe the attendants of the prison to carry messages. He could only stride the length of his cell with a burning brain, at one moment cursing those who, in his guilt and peril, had deserted him; in the next, disbelieving and wondering—disbelieving that Thomas Greer could have entirely shut his heart against him, and wondering why his wife had not come to him. John had faith in his wife, and in the worst of his agony never allowed himself to breathe a word unfavorable to her. When at last came the day of his trial, and he sat stunned and still to hear his degradation, he knew that all was over, and the

ones he had loved so dearly were indeed lost to him for years if not forever. Oh! the agony of that thought of the future. Five years in the gloom of a prison was nothing, but what would become of his wife and child, what of his poor old mother?

He tried now to interest those about him with his story. "Yes," one said, "it was very bad, but you must make the best of it." Another told him: "We hear a good deal of that kind of thing." A third said: "Perhaps his friends were going to get a pardon." Manolt sprang at this last gleam of hope with the eagerness of despair. Yes, it must be so, they would not desert him. They were no doubt trying for a pardon. Yes, he would be pardoned. There was no doubt of it; and pondering on the hope until he had built it almost to a certainty, he was carried away to Sing Sing. He was clipped and cut, and became No. 123; and in time, like all the other human machines in that terrible place, he went about his work, walked when commanded, stood still when ordered, ate and drank like a machine, and was never known to speak unless spoken to. For the first few months after coming to his dungeon No. 123, by his steadiness of conduct having won the favor of the officers having him in charge, wrote letters to his wife, which were committed by these officers to the mail, but no answers ever came. Nor yet did any inquiry on visiting days ever arise for No. 123, and then Manolt cursed his wife in his heart and openly, and received in the prison his first punishment for swearing aloud in the midst of his work that if his life were spared to go out of that prison he would kill the faithless woman who, by her extravagance and folly, had brought him there only to desert him. After this No. 123 never was punished. A better man never was in the workshops, or one more reliable and trust-worthy. So said the superintendent, who never failed to give No. 123 overwork, and show him whatever favor could be shown consistent with rules. No. 123 clung to the work-shop. He never lost a moment which he could devote to work. He must make all he could. It was necessary, he said, that he should look forward to the time of coming away from the prison, and he would want money. He had a great end to achieve, and he must be industrious.

One day while in the work-shop he took up a bit of newspaper that had come wrapped about a parcel of screws. It was a rarity in the prison, and he eagerly devoured every word upon it. But what is the matter with No. 123? He suddenly clenches his hands, sets his teeth, and falls with a groan back upon the floor. They pick up the man and carry him away to his cell, and the superintendent looks over the bit of newspaper to see if he can find any thing that may have affected No. 123, as the man who worked at his side says he thinks the paper was the cause. The superintendent finds this paragraph:

"DEATH FROM A BLOW.—A woman known by the name of Flash Rose, but whose real name was thought to have been Manolt, and whose husband is now serving out a term in the State Prison at Sing Sing, was killed by a blow from some hand unknown last evening at a low dance-house, No. — West Broadway. The Coroner will hold an inquest this morning."

No. 123 was back at his work next morning. He worked away as steadily as ever; but now he never spoke of his future. The door of his soul had been opened, and this great horror had been thrown into it, and then he had closed it in, allowing none to look upon the spectre, or to know whether it lived there, or whether he had smothered it. Nearly four years of his sentence had passed on the day when he read that paragraph, and there was talk of a pardon to be gotten by the officers of the prison. This story of the newspaper awakened the interest in No. 123, and within a month he walked forth from his dungeon a free man, with money enough in his pocket to support him in idleness if he chose it for three months. He went forth having gained the esteem of those with whom his crime had brought him in contact; and as he walked from the white walls of his prison, John Pierre Manolt bent down his head and shed the first tears he had shed since his boyhood.

IV.

THE man must have altered much when he could go among those who had known him but four years before, when he could sit by them, and talk to them, and still be unrecognized; and so thought Manolt himself, when, for the first time in four years, he had an opportunity of seeing his whole self in a glass. He knew then he had grown ten years older, perhaps more. Exactly thirty he was, and more than forty he appeared. That black hair was streaked with gray so strongly as to be perceptible at a long distance. The eyes that once were so full and clear were now watery and bloodshot, and had learned a way of looking down. He was bent; years of close labor above the workbench without exercise will do that. Then there were hard lines in the face—lines that no time would smooth out; and the hands were carried uneasily. John Pierre Manolt was no longer a handsome man.

He went to the spot where, four years before, had stood his home? For what? Had he hope that he would find there any one thing he had left on that night when he had walked out with Robert Greer to worse than death? Yes, there was still a belief in the mind of Manolt that he would find his old mother, or that his child was living, and that some portion of the real cause of his utter desertion would be explained. He could believe that his friends, his acquaintance, even his wife, would drop away from him, but he could not believe that his mother would desert him in his great peril. With this in view he went to the place to find that a fine large new house stood on the spot that once held the neat frame building he called his home. He stared as though it were a miracle.

And then through all the neighborhood. Yes, there were a few of the old neighbors left. There was the same grocery on the corner, and the same thread-and-needle store opposite, kept by an elderly woman who had been friendly with his mother. He would go there and ask. The old lady was in the shop. Did she know any thing of a family of Manolts who once lived in a frame-house opposite? The old lady raised her chin and looked under her spectacles at the hard grizzled man before her. Did she know the Manolts? She had known them years ago. But they're all gone—gone long ago. Did she know where they had gone? Yes. The old lady, that was the elder Mrs. Manolt—the grizzled man stretched forward his head—"was dead." The man dropped his chin upon his breast, and caught by the counter, while a grayness came over his face. "Yes, she was dead, and not a bit too soon. Bless the poor thing! she died within a month after they sent her son to the State Prison. Nobody knew exactly what he was sent for, and nobody in that neighborhood believed it whatever it was. They had known the boy ever since he was as high as that counter. Won't you sit down, Sir? It killed the old lady. Dear me, how sick you look! It was well, too, that she did die, poor thing! For though it was a terrible bad thing to have a son go to disgrace, she was thereby saved knowing of much worse goings on afterward. She was a bad woman that son's wife. Her husband was scarce inside the State Prison when she began her wrong-doing, going about with a man by the name of Greer, Thomas Greer, who had been one of the chief witnesses against her husband."

Oh! how fast the man grew old; how the grayness spread into his eyes, his mouth, and his hands; how cold it seemed to get about where he sat; and how plain the old lady could have heard his teeth chatter had she not been a little deaf!

"To balls and to ride. Well, well! Not to be mealy-mouthed about it, the man kept her; and there were many folks about this neighborhood who said then, and would say now, that it was all a plot made up—whatever it was—by that Greer, to get the husband out of the way, that he might have the woman."

It was well that the man sat in the shade of a piece of hanging muslin, and that nobody in the neighborhood had immediate necessity for thread and needles.

"That's the simple truth; though I think the want of her did not last long with him. It was not many months when he began to slacken off in his visits; and then the woman, as a matter of course, began to run after him, to his office—so people said—which made quarrels. At all events, quarrels there were, as I know myself. I could see them of evenings, and hear them too, as I would sit here. I do believe in my heart he struck her sometimes. But at last the fellow wanted to get married, as I'm told; and how they managed it I don't know, but she moved away with her child, and we never heard any more about her. But a while after I saw in the newspaper that Thomas Greer was married: that's all I know of the Manolts."

The old lady told a gossip who dropped in a few minutes later that she had just had a "dreadful scare" with a coarse-looking man, who came in there and asked about that Manolt family that used to live across the way; that she had told the man all she knew, to which he never spoke a word; but when she asked him what his name was, and what he wanted the information for, he jumped up and staggered away for all the world as though he were tipsy.

The man did stagger blindly. He staggered to the spot of his crime. Why should he return to that place? There is a well-dressed, smooth-looking man sitting upon a stool, bending over a desk, as he staggers into the office where, four years before, he had done the act that blasted his life—Thomas Greer, rather improved if any thing. There is an air of content and prosperity about him. Ah! there is one, at least, who has not forgotten John Pierre Manolt, No. 123—The Man, The Prisoner! He remembers his friend, and springs from the stool; but he is very white, and does not seem to greet his friend as he should after so long an absence. The appearance of these men has changed within a moment. Manolt no longer staggers; Greer does. Manolt's eyes have recovered their lustre; Greer's have grown dim and gray. Manolt's teeth do not chatter; Greer's do. Manolt speaks firm:

"Where is my child?"

Greer can not utter a word. There is no time for him to wait for composure. The hand of No. 123 is on his throat. Between the relaxation of the grip he chokes out the declaration that he does not know. He begs for mercy that he may confess—that he may make reparation. The grip tightens—the knee of No. 123 is on his chest. . . .

The next day the daily papers held a paragraph of a different style, too long for copying, the condensation of which was that "A Strange and Mysterious Death" occurred the day before at the foundry of Greer Brothers, the well-known machinists; Thomas Greer, one of the brothers, being found dead in the office of the foundry, strangled by the upsetting of a large and heavy desk, which had fallen across his neck; the strangest part being that one of his brothers and upward of forty men were at work in the adjoining shop, and did not hear the fall or the struggle, if there was any. "The deceased was highly respected, quite wealthy, and leaves a wife and one child to mourn his loss."

V.

JOHN PIERRE MANOLT did not stagger when he walked away from the office of Greer Brothers. His step was firm, and he was not anxious to avoid the gaze of the passers-by, as on that day, four years before, when he had last gone over the same road. He felt calmer. He felt that he was growing suddenly younger. He did not take the by-streets. He saw many who had gone on in their daily avocations, and grown no older in that four years, while No. 123 was growing old within the prison walls. He knew them well, but his face was unknown to them. He went to that spot in West Broadway where that woman was killed by a blow from a hand unknown; there he learned the houses she had frequented, and visited them. They remembered the woman well. Yes; she had a child. She had given it away, they believed, to some wealthy family, who had adopted it as their own. They thought the woman herself did not know where the child was, but believed it to be in prosperity. She was permitted to see it once a year, but not to know where it was. The woman did not seem to care, however, much about seeing it. The day she was to have seen it last she was drunk, and could not go. They never found out who killed her: believe it was a negro. Nobody cared, and nobody inquired. "There was no money to be made by it."

Four years after this, Americans passing over the line of the Moscow and St. Petersburg Railroad would be told that one of the most reliable engine-drivers on that road was an American. Not that it was a strange thing that Americans should be employed; they were plenty on the road. His Majesty the Emperor had more confidence in them than in any others. But this one was a skillful, steady man, and was always put on to drive the Imperial train, and called in when any difficult work was to be adjusted. He was a dark-eyed, mild-spoken man, very gray, and looked at least fifty, though only owning to thirty-five. He always avoided his countrymen, and never could be engaged in conversation about America.

Eight years, and they would be shown the same man holding the rank of Colonel of Engineers. He had become a naturalized Russian. He had been fortunate in growing wealthy outside his profession, and in gaining and keeping the Imperial favor.

Twelve years, and *Le Nord* announced the death, at St. Petersburg, of Colonel ——, of the Engineer Corps, an American by birth, but a naturalized Russian. "His large fortune, which was invested in America, was bequeathed to a Miss A——, the adopted daughter of a wealthy family in New York."

THE WEEKLY FARMER.

INDIAN CORN.

RECENT agricultural improvements enable us to grow this crop to great perfection and at slight expense. Among these may be named new horse-hoes, corn planters, and subsoil plows. From the last census it appears that the corn crop does not average more than twenty-five bushels an acre. It is a well-settled fact that upward of one hundred bushels of shelled corn have been grown on an acre, and at small cost. Here is a difference of result worthy of serious consideration. We believe, however, none of the States are growing less in the aggregate than formerly. Mr. Jay in his statistical view of American agriculture says: "The crop in 1840 was nearly four hundred millions of bushels; in 1850 it was within a fraction of six hundred millions, being a gain of 56 per cent., while the increase of the population, during the same time, was only 35 per cent. The estimated crop for 1855, according to the Secretary of the Treasury, was between seven and eight hundred millions, or nearly double the crop of 1840, and the crop for 1856 was estimated at fully eight hundred millions of bushels."

The culture applicable to the West and that to more exhausted districts must vary considerably.

Some excellent crops are grown on clover sod and root land. Heavy soils should be avoided, unless drained and well fertilized. The cost of raising corn is diminished in proportion to the fine tilth and fertility of the soil. The man who grows 100 bushels of shelled corn an acre, if the soil is good, gets twice as much for his labor as the man on whose land fifty only are grown. In well-prepared soil corn roots strike to a depth of several feet; and, if rich enough, the stalks, ears, and grain will be large in proportion. It is not half the trouble to husk a large ear that it is to husk a small one. When the fertility of the land is kept up, corn may be grown on it for many years in succession without any evident injury to the crop. Soil, stiff or heavy, is much benefited by fall plowing and the application of long manure to render it friable. We have seen enormous crops grown on under-drained and subsoil-plowed land that would not grow six bushels of oats to the acre before such treatment. Most persons know how delicately the young corn plant comes forth in cold, wet weather. Under-drained soils, in such cases, give vigorous and thrifty plants when, very often, the crop proves a failure on others; and this is especially true during their after-growth, if attacked by long-continued droughts. On properly under-drained and subsoil-plowed land the crop never suffers from drought. The moisture in the air passing through it will be deposited on the cool particles as it is from air on the surface of a cold pitcher on a hot summer's day.

Corn should not be planted so thickly on rich as poor soil, because the plants will grow more vigorously and require more room.

Modes of culture must necessarily vary with localities. Where the soil is rich enough, it is folly to add manure. Where it is too poor, it is folly to try to grow corn without it. If there is not food in the soil, within reach of the roots, to support the plant, it can not (unlike an animal) go elsewhere to look for it.

Some persons spread manure, in the fall, on the land intended for corn the following spring, which is spoken of by many as being good practice; but we think there is too much loss, especially on rolling lands, by the washing of rains. No doubt the mulch-like action of the manure is very beneficial to the soil, but good barn-yard manures are too costly for this use. It is a well-known fact in practical agriculture that the application of farm-yard manure to a soil intended for any cereal is not so good as to apply it for the green crop preceding, so that it may have time to become fully decomposed, and such portions not used by the green crop are in a readily available condition for the cereal; nor do we think the application of farm-yard manures in the spring the best practice, unless thoroughly composted and well decomposed; for we know of no instance of cereals doing best from this mode of treatment, the finest sample of wheat, rye, barley, or oats being invariably after green crops on soils well prepared.

An analysis of the grain of white flint corn will give of

Phosphates..................	about	35	per	cent.
Potash......................	"	25	"	"

The leaves will give of

Silex.......................	about	53	per	cent.
Phosphates..................	"	19	"	"
Lime........................	"	6	"	"
Potash......................	"	12	"	"
Soda........................	"	9	"	"
Chlorine....................	"	10	"	"

The cob will give of

Silex.......................	about	13	per	cent.
Phosphates..................	"	23	"	"
Potash......................	"	35	"	"
Soda........................	"	5	"	"

We give the above figures of some of the most important elements for those who are curious in relation to the composition of the Indian corn plant. If there be any truth in the fact that the composition of a plant is a clew to its requirements as food in the soil, they will prove interesting and useful. It would appear from them that unleached wood-ashes (which contain much potash), the phosphates, and common salt, are excellent fertilizers for corn. We have found a top-dressing, before planting, of four or five bushels of refuse salt to the acre, an excellent fertilizer and for killing insects in the soil.

The alkalies of the above substances, or at least a portion of them, will unite with sand, or, more technically speaking, *silex*, forming soluble silicates, which, when used, will give strength to the plant, as bones do to the body of an animal. We are found fault with by some for being too technical and chemical, and by others for not being enough so; but we will avoid, as much as possible, having hard words with our readers—a writer's best friends—and making dogmatic assertions, being careful to give reasons, to the best of our ability, for all things not self-evident, so that they may know what importance should be attached to our sayings. Bones dissolved in sulphuric acid, mixed with guano, and this compound composted with twice its bulk of damp soil before using it, make an admirable special fertilizer for corn. Any free sulphuric acid is objectionable. It may be used at the rate of a gill to a hill at the time of planting, and at the first and second hoeings. When "*marking out*," we have found it an excellent practice to follow the one-horse plow with a lifting sub-soil plow, and as the corn is planted at the points where the lines cross each other, its roots, in four directions at least, can strike deeply. If the soil is rich and in fine tilth, the growth luxuriant, and the hills are not sufficiently far apart, the light and air will be excluded, to the injury of the crop.

Few farmers doubt the necessity of planting good seed. The corn which ripens earliest seems to impart this peculiarity to that grown from it, so that the selection of the best and earliest ears would, at the time of the maturity of the crop, be desirable.

Corn is so easily hybridized that we have a large number of varieties suited to a great range of climate.

Of the sweet corns, we think Stowell's the best for *soiling or fodder* and the garden, because of the large amount of saccharine matter it contains. When sown thick enough for soiling, the joints are tender and the stalks easily dried; but before growing any for soiling consider well the claims of the Chinese sugar-cane.

At the last meeting of the United States Agricultural Society a vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Horace Collamore for a bushel of "Whitman" or "Old Colony Improved Corn," which was distributed, in equal quantities, to the Iowa State Agricultural College, New York State Agricultural Farm, Pennsylvania Farm School, Expeimental Farm of the Essex County (Massachusetts) Society, and the Maryland Agricultural College. A member from Wisconsin spoke in glowing terms of this variety.

The injury done by crows in corn-fields is a source of great annoyance. Shaking seed on the ground for them, running twine on poles from one part of the field to another, and putting up scarecrows, generally seem not to have the desired effect. We have found that the whizzing noise of a bullet shot from a musket or rifle through a flock of crows, will do more to frighten them than any thing else of which we know.

When the corn appears no time should be lost in keeping down weeds, and especially if quack or couch-grass makes its appearance. Keep the lifting subsoil plow and horse hoe running freely between the rows, in both directions. By having the mould-board side of the shares of Knox's hoe on the inside, it may be run quite close to the plants without injuring them; but it is certain death to the weeds, because the surface soil is thrown to the centre and back again to its former place, and they can not withstand its fatal action. Very little hand-hoeing will be needed if this implement is used properly. Many of the cultivators used are objectionable because they have a wriggling motion, and want about as much room to pass through as a drunken man.

When the stalks are only a few inches high the lateral roots are several feet long; the common corn plow and subsoil plow have been objected to, lest the cutting of the roots, when using them, would be hurtful to the general prosperity of the plant. We have found no such result. The shortening in of the surface roots causes them to send forth new fibres, and those of greater depth to strike more deeply. The new fibres sent out from the shortened roots strike through portions of soil not reached by the others, and are nearer to the manure in the hill.

GOOD-NIGHT!

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER XVI.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Hiram was summoned to the door by a violent ringing of the bell. Visions of apoplexy—of—in fact, of any thing that might befall a testy gentleman of seventy-three, inclined to make incessant trips to the West Indies—rushed to his mind as he rushed to the door. He opened it in hot haste.

There stood Hope Wayne, pale, her eyes flashing, her hand ungloved. At the foot of the steps was the carriage, and in the carriage sat Mrs. Simcoe, with a bleeding boy's head resting upon her shoulder. The coachman stood at the carriage-door.

"Here, Hiram, help James to bring in this poor boy."

"Yes, miss," replied the man, as he ran down the steps.

The door was opened, and the coachman and Hiram lifted out the half-conscious Gabriel. He struggled to put his feet upon the gravel, but he could not quite stand, and hung heavily upon the men.

"Bring him in," said Hope Wayne, as she watched her patient, while Mrs. Simcoe descended from the carriage, and Little Malacca came running up the avenue from the gate.

"Is he better, ma'am?" said the boy, addressing Hope, and taking off his cap, involuntarily.

"I think so. Come in and tell me who he is, and what it is all about."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Little Malacca, as he followed Mrs. Simcoe up the steps.

"I think he is only stunned, my dear," said Mrs. Simcoe. "He will soon be better. I will run up and get something for him."

She disappeared, and the men brought Gabriel into the hall and placed him upon a sofa. Hope turned to Little Malacca with an inquiring look, and the boy said, simply enough,

"Abel Newt ran out of your gate and jostled us, and he and Gabriel quarreled and then fought."

"A very silly business," replied Hope. "But I think he is better."

By this time Master Gabriel had opened his eyes clearly, and his mind was also awake to his situation. His chagrin was inexpressible. He had been first presented to the queen of his dreams as he lay bloody and senseless in a dusty road. He sat up and looked about him for a moment, and saw Mr. Burt and Mrs. Simcoe descending the stairs.

"It's all a conspiracy to get into the house, Mrs. Simcoe, ma'am. I'll have bull-dogs—I'll have blunderbusses and spring-guns, Mrs. Simcoe, ma'am! And what do you mean by fighting at my gate, Sir? What are you doing at my gate? Can't Mr. Gray keep his boys at home? Hope, go up stairs!" said the old gentleman, as he reached the foot of the staircase.

"Oh! thank you, Sir, I'm quite well again," said Gabriel, rising, pale and weak. "Come, Little Malacca. Good-morning, ma'am—good-morning, Sir!" And he leaned on the arm of his friend, bowed to the others, and turned to go, utterly mortified and forlorn.

"Stop," said Hope, coming forward. "You are not fit to go."

"Oh! indeed, I am quite well, thank you—quite." And he would have fallen fainting but that Hiram caught him, and laid him again upon the sofa.

"He must be taken up stairs and put to bed," said Mrs. Simcoe. "Little boy," added she, turning to Little Malacca, "you may go back and tell Mrs. Gray where your friend is."

They carried Gabriel, still unconscious, up stairs and laid him on a couch. Old Burt could not refuse, and withdrew to the dining-room. Hope Wayne and Mrs. Simcoe remained with the patient. Hope rubbed the boy's hands, and put her own hand upon his forehead from time to time, until he sighed heavily and opened his eyes. But before he could recognize her she went out to send Hiram to him, while Mrs. Simcoe sat quietly by him and held cordials to his nose.

"We must put you to bed," she said, gently, "and to-morrow you may go. But why do you fight?"

Gabriel turned toward her with a piteous look. It seemed to him so hopeless, so impossible to explain.

"No matter," replied Mrs. Simcoe. "Don't talk. You shall tell all about it some other time. Come in, Hiram," she added, as she heard a knock.

The man entered, and Mrs. Simcoe went out, after having told him to undress the boy carefully and bathe his face and hands. Gabriel was perfectly passive, Hiram was silent, quick, and careful, and in a few moments he closed the door softly behind him, and left Gabriel alone.

He was now entirely conscious, but very weak. His face was turned toward the window, which was open, and he watched the pine-trees that rustled gently in the afternoon breeze. It was profoundly still out of doors and in the house; and as he lay exhausted, the events of the last few days and months swam through his mind in misty confusion. Half-dozing, half-sleeping, every thing glimmered before him, and the still hours stole by.

When he opened his eyes again it was darker, and he was lying on his back looking up at the heavy tester of the great bedstead from which hung the curtains, so that he had only glimpses into the chamber. It was large and lofty, and the walls were covered with paper that was designed with the story of Telemachus. His eyes wandered over it dreamily.

He could dimly see the beautiful Calypso—the sage Mentor—the eager pupil—pallid phantoms floating around him. He seemed to hear the beating of the sea upon the shore. The tears came to his eyes. The ghostly Calypso put aside the curtain of the bed. Gabriel stretched out his hands.

"I must go," he murmured, as if he too were a phantom.

The lips of Calypso moved.

"Are you better?"

Gabriel was awake in a moment. It was Hope Wayne who spoke to him.

It surely was not his fault that he was in love. Boys of fifteen will always love girls who are older—who look upon them as children, and who will be only pained, if they are honest girls, when they discover the flames they have unconsciously kindled. Alas! they are not less devastating because unwittingly lighted. Happy if the devastation be only a spring burning that enriches the soil!

All that night as Gabriel lay in the bed at Pinewood he kept awaking, and could think of nothing but that he was actually in her house, and that hereafter he should have a right to come and see her.

When Abel Newt turned, upon hearing the smothered cry, and saw Hope Wayne looking upon the field of battle, his hands unclenched, he involuntarily pulled out his handkerchief and wiped his face, and then said,

"Don't be frightened, ladies, we've been foolish, and the boy is stunned. But I could not help it."

The coachman had opened the door by this time, and Mrs. Simcoe and Hope had both alighted.

"Will you help the man put him in the carriage?" said Mrs. Simcoe to Abel.

"Certainly, Madame."

And he lifted the boy by the arms, and with James, the coachman, deposited him carefully upon the seat.

Abel was sadly discomposed by the furious rencounter, but as he helped the ladies into the carriage, he said, deprecatingly,

"I am very sorry to make the acquaintance of Miss Wayne under such circumstances; but when she knows all she will discover that the unhappy difficulty was unavoidable."

He spoke rapidly, for there was no time to lose. The ladies bowed gravely and said nothing, except that Mrs. Simcoe called to James to drive on; and the next moment Abel was alone, Little Malacca having run off after the carriage. Abel followed it with his eyes, and with the most curious reflections. Hope Wayne had not betrayed that she had ever seen him before. If he had been the merest stranger her conduct would have been the same. Was it possible, he thought, that he had been mistaken? Was it possible that she had never remarked him, and that he *was* a stranger? He could not, he would not, believe it.

As he descended the hill slowly toward the village, still pondering, he met Hosea Wumley carrying a large bundle under his arm. He had his pipe in his mouth, for the oblation to Nicotina perpetually smoked upon Hosea's altar, and the old man accosted Abel as he came toward him:

"Wa'al, 'pears to me's been trouble somewhere," and he shook his head as he surveyed the disorder of Abel's person.

Abel smiled, and asked him where he was going.

"Only up to Pinewood. The ladies have been down and bought su'thin', and Granny's sendin' me 'long with it home. But what's the matter 'long o' you?"

"Nothing," said Abel.

"You've been fightin'," replied the old man; "and come to see you plain, 'pears to me you look darned het up in the face. Come now, who you been a-fightin' on?"

Abel smiled again.

"'Tain't no use smilin'," said Hosea. "Ef yer doant choose ter tell, that's the end on't; but smilin' doant do nothin'. Ef yer've been fightin', and I know yer have, smilin' ain't no use. That's all on't."

The old man puffed placidly and was passing on. But Abel reflected that, as he was going to Pinewood, he might hear a prejudiced account of the affair; so he said, pleasantly,

"Well, Hosea, I hate to talk about such things, but the truth is that Gabriel Bennet and I ran into each other, and he got mad and we had a fight."

"But he's smaller than you be," replied Hosea.

"I know it, but he struck me first. I didn't want to hurt him, but he was like a mad bull."

Hosea puffed, and put down his bundle.

"Now that air 'pears strange, 'cause Gabriel Bennet's a pooty quiet sort o' boy. Did ye only run agin each other? how d'ye do it?"

"I was running out of the gate and he was passing by, and I hit him."

"Didn't ye aix pardon or su'thin'?"

"No, he was saucy," said Abel, shortly.

"Wa'al!"

"Well, I confess it, I sauced back, and then he came on."

"Where is he?"

"He's up at Pinewood."

"D'ye hurt him?"

"Yes, I knocked him down," said Abel, flushing.

Hosea smoked intently for a few moments.

"Boys will be boys, I s'pose," said he at last, taking up his bundle. "But ye're a man, about, Abel Newt. You ain't no boy, and yer needn't call yerself one no longer, 'cause 'tain't no use."

So saying, the old man resumed his loitering journey, and Abel walked rapidly homeward.

CHAPTER XVII.

UNCONSCIOUS STILL.

About ten o'clock in the evening Hope knocked gently at Gabriel's door. There was no reply. She opened the door softly and went in. A night-lamp was burning, and threw a pleasant light through the room. The windows were open, and the night-air sighed among the pine-trees near them.

Gabriel's face was turned toward the door, so that Hope saw it as she entered. He was sleeping peacefully. At that very moment he was dreaming of her. In dreams his heart was satisfied and happy, for Hope Wayne was walking with him by the sea, her hand in his: her heart his own. There is no age, no time, in dreams, remember. Dreams are heaven.

She stood motionless lest she might wake him. He did not stir, and she heard his low, regular breathing, and knew that all was well. Then she turned as noiselessly as she had entered, and went out, leaving him to peaceful sleep—to dreams—to the sighing of the pines.

Hope Wayne went quietly to her room, which was next to the one in which Gabriel lay. Her kind heart had sent her to see that he wanted nothing. She thought of him only as a boy who had had the worst of a quarrel, and she pitied him. Was it only pity for the victim that knocked gently at his door? Did she even suspect that she was really thinking of the conqueror when she went to comfort the conquered? that she was trying, somehow, to help Abel by doing all she could to alleviate the harm he had done?

Hope Wayne asked herself no questions. She was conscious of a curious excitement, and the sighing of the pines lulled her to sleep. But all night long she dreamed of her terror, and of Abel Newt, with bare head and clustering black hair, gracefully bowing, and murmuring. Oh, so manly! oh, so heroic! and so carefully helping to lay Gabriel in the carriage!

CHAPTER XVIII.

NEWS FROM HOME.

Abel found a letter waiting for him. He tore it open and read it. Let us look over his shoulder:

"My dear Abel,—You have now nearly reached the age at which, by your grandfather's direction, you were to leave school and enter upon active life. Your grandfather, who had known and respected Mr. Gray in former years, left you, as you know, a sum sufficient for your education, upon condition of your being placed at Mr. Gray's until your nineteenth birthday. That time is approaching. Upon your nineteenth birthday you will leave school. Mr. Gray gives me the best accounts of you. My plans for you are not quite settled. What are your own wishes? It is late for you to think of college; and as you will undoubtedly be a business man, I see no need of your learning Greek or writing Latin poetry. At your age I was earning my own living. Your mother and the family are well. Your affectionate father,

"Boniface Newt.

"P.S. Your mother wishes to add a line."

"Dear Abel,—I am very glad to hear from Mr. Gray of your fine progress in study, and your general good character and deportment. It is so, my dear son, that you will repay your fond parents for their long years of anxiety. I trust you give some of your leisure to solid reading. It is very necessary to improve the mind. I hope you attend to religion. It will help you if you keep a record of Dr. Peewee's texts, and write abstracts of his sermons. Grammar, too, and general manners. I hear that you are very self-possessed, which is really good news. My friend Mrs. Beacon was here last week, and she says you *bow beautifully!* That is a great deal for her to admit, for her son Bowdoin is one of the most elegant and presentable young men I have ever seen. He is very gentlemanly indeed. He and Alfred Dinks have been here for some time. My dear son, could you not learn to waltz before you come home? It is considered very bad by some people, because you have to put your arm round the lady's waist. But I think it is very foolish for any body to set themselves up against the customs of society. I think if it is permitted in Paris and London, we needn't be so very particular about it in New York. Mr. Dinks and Mr. Beacon both waltz, and I assure you it is very *distingué* indeed. But be careful in learning. Your sister Fanny says the Boston young men generally stick out their elbows dreadfully when they waltz, and look like owls spinning on invisible teetotums. She declares too that all the Boston girls are dowdy. But she is obliged to confess that Mr. Beacon and Mr. Dinks are as well-dressed and gentlemanly and dance as well as our young men here. And as for the Boston ladies, Mr. Dinks tells Fanny that he has a cousin, a Miss Wayne, who lives in Delafield, who might alter her opinion of the dowdiness of Boston girls. It seems she is a great heiress, and very beautiful; and it is said here (but you know how idle such gossip is) that she is going to marry her cousin, Alfred Dinks. He does not deny it. He merely laughs and shakes his head—the truth is, he hasn't much to say for himself. Bless me! I've got to take another sheet.

THE BATTLE OF THE PILLOWS.

"Now, Abel, my dear, do you know Miss Wayne? I have never heard you speak of her; and yet, if she lives in Delafield, you must know something about her. Your father is working hard at his business, but it is shocking how much money we have to spend to keep up our place in society properly. I know that he spends all his income every year; and if any thing should happen— I cry my eyes out to think of it. Miss Wayne, I hear, is very beautiful, and about your age. Is it true about her being an heiress?

"What is the news—let me see. Oh! your cousin, Laura Magot, is engaged, and she has made a capital match. She will be eighteen on her next birthday; and the happy man is Mellish Whitloe. It is the fine old Knickerbocker family. Fanny says she knows all about them—that she has them all at her fingers' ends. You see she is as bright as ever. It is a capital match. Mr. Whitloe has at least five thousand dollars a year from his business now; and his aunt, Patience Doolittle, widow of the old merchant, who has no children, is understood to prefer him to all her relations. Laura will have a little something; so there could be nothing better. We are, naturally, delighted. But what a pity Laura is not a little taller—about Fanny's height; and as I was looking at Fanny, the other day, I thought how sorry I was for Mr. Whitloe that Laura was not just a little prettier. She has *such* a nose; and then her complexion! However, my dear Abel cares nothing about such things, and, I have no doubt, is wickedly laughing at his mamma, at this very moment, for scribbling him such a long, rambling letter. What is Miss Wayne's first name? Is she fair or brunette? Don't forget to write me all you know. I am going to Saratoga in a few days—I think Fanny ought to drink the waters. I told Dr. Lush I was perfectly sure of it; so he told your father, and he has consented. Do you remember Mrs. Plumer, the large, handsome woman from New Orleans, whom you saw when we dined at your Uncle Magot's last summer? She has come on, and will be at the Springs this year. I am told Mr. Plumer is a very large planter—the largest, some people say, in the country. Their oldest daughter, Grace, is at school in town. She is only fourteen, I believe. What an heiress she will be! The Moultries from South Carolina will be there, too, I suppose. By-the-by, how old is Sligo Moultrie? He left Mr. Gray's only three or four years ago. Then there are some of those rich Havana people coming. What jewels they wear! It will be very pleasant at the Springs; and I hope the little visit will do Fanny good. Dr. Maundy is giving us a series of sermons upon the different kinds of wood used in building Solomon's Temple. They are very interesting—and he has such a flow of beautiful words and such wavy gestures, and he looks so gentlemanly in the pulpit, that I have no doubt he does a great deal of good. The church is always full. Your Uncle Lawrence has been to hear a preacher from Boston, by the name of Channing, and is very much pleased. Have you ever heard him? It seems he is very famous in his own sect, who are infidels, or deists, or pollywogs, or atheists—I don't know which it is. I believe they preach mere morality, and read essays instead of sermons. Your uncle insists upon it that you go to a church of this kind at Delafield. But I know that Mr. Gray would not allow you to hear any thing that he thought your parents would disapprove, and from what I have heard of Dr. Peewee, I respect him very highly; and if you do make abstracts of his sermons, I can look over them some time when you come home.

"Speaking of religion, I must tell you a little story, although it is rather naughty, which Fanny told me the other day. She was coming home from church with Mr. Dinks, and he said to her, 'Miss Newt, what do you do when you go into church and put your head down?' Fanny did not understand him, and asked him what he meant. 'Why,' said he, 'when we go into church, you know, we all put our heads down in front of the pew, or in our hands, for a little while, and Dr. Maundy spreads his handkerchief on the desk and puts his face into it for quite a long time. What do *you* do?' he asked; and in a really perplexed way, Fanny says, 'Why,' said she, gravely, 'Mr. Dinks, it is to say a short prayer.' 'Bless my soul!' said he; 'I never thought of that.' 'Why, what do you do, then?' asked Fanny, curiously. 'Well,' answered Dinks, 'you know I think it's a capital thing to do; it's proper, and so forth; but I never knew what people were really at when they did it; so I always put my head into my hat and count ten. I find it comes to about the same thing—I get through at the same time with other people.' He isn't very bright, but he is a good-hearted fellow, and very gentlemanly, and I am told he is very rich. Fanny laughs at him—but I think she likes him very well. I wish you would find out whether Miss Wayne really is engaged to him. Here I am at the very end of my paper. Take care of yourself, my dear Abel, and remember the religion and the solid reading.

"Your affectionate mother,
"Nancy Newt."

Abel read the letters, and stood looking at the floor, musingly. His school-days, then, were numbered; the stage was to be deepened and widened; the scenery and the figures so wonderfully changed! He was to step in a moment from school into the world. He was to lie down one night a boy and wake up a man the next morning.

The cloud of thoughts and fancies that filled his mind all drifted toward one point—all floated below a summit upon which stood the only thing he could discern clearly, and that was the figure of Hope Wayne. Just as he thought he could reach her, was he to be torn away?

And who the dickens was Mr. Alfred Dinks?

Good Mrs. Gray had heard of the fight from Little Malacca. She labored with Abel, but in vain. When she went to her room she told Mr. Gray of the conversation she had had. The husband listened with a twinkle in his eye.

"Don't you think he had better go, my dear?" asked Mrs. Gray. "I really think he will do harm to the younger boys. Somehow I don't know how to talk with him. He seems to slip away, as it were."

"My dear, you are quite right. I was thinking the very same thing myself; and I will write to Mr. Newt that Abel— What's that?" cried he, suddenly, as a scuffling and trampling was heard from the boys' rooms above. Mr. and Mrs. Gray listened for a moment intently.

"Mischief, mischief," said he; "I must go up and look into it."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BATTLE OF THE PILLOWS.

The boys above were in high glee. It was a grand field-day of pillows and bolsters in Number Seven. Large boys and little boys were all engaged in the sport—rushing round the room and dealing thumping blows on every side, tripping over their own night-shirts and each other, and tumbling in promiscuous heaps upon the floor. Whang! whang! resounded the onset, and repulse. He was the best fellow who could stand longest erect upon his own bed and repel all invaders. The boys from the neighboring rooms seized their pillows as they heard the glad sounds, and crept quietly in to join the fray.

Tom Galt, Gyles Blanding, Green Muddock, Jim Greenwich—all the big boys—were engaged. Little Malacca, too, sure that Gabriel was comfortable, could not resist the fun. He had been early on the ground; and when Green Muddock entered, that tyrant got a baffling bang from a bolster that almost knocked his body, and quite knocked his temper, over. But the room was large, and lighted only by a single lamp, handily placed to be blown out in any sudden emergency, and Muddock could not see, in the universal confusion, to whom he owed his blow. So he dashed about among the smaller boys, taking a general revenge, until Jim Greenwich observed him and pursued him with such an incessant and relentless battery that the boys, panting and pleased, stopped to watch the duel, and could not help laughing applause whenever a tremendous whack staggered the tyrant of the smaller boys.

"H'st!" cried Abel Newt suddenly, making a dash at the lamp and blowing it out.

The combatants instantly understood. The boys who belonged in the room were in bed and asleep in a moment. The stranger boys, from the neighboring rooms, knowing that retreat was cut off, crept under the beds and hardly breathed. There was a suspicious uniformity of snoring through the room.

Mr. Gray entered, softly turning the door. Profound peace and snoring slumber were in every bed. Abel, in the corner bed, watched him with one eye half unclosed.

"Oh," said Mr. Gray, rather too audibly, "I was mistaken."

Then he closed the door. The next moment Abel opened it as softly and heard the master going noisily down stairs. But his bustling retreat betrayed his purpose.

"Boys," said Abel, in a whisper, as he poked a match into a little bottle of acid and lighted the lamp, "he's coming the gum-game. He'll be back listening, in a moment. Let's fix him!"

There was a unanimous assent to the "fixing" from every part of the room. The fellows came out from between the sheets and from under the beds and gathered round Abel. That young gentleman took a cord from the drawer of the bureau and stretched it just above the floor between the two beds that stood on each side of the door.

"Now," said he, "you, here—you Leek Treadwell—you sleep in the bed next the door. The moment you see Uncle Savory's lamp, fling your pillow at it—mind!—the moment he opens the door. Then the rest follow me. Come, jump into bed!"

Abel led the way.

"Boys," whispered he, "the moment we begin, Uncle Savory 'll be on us. He's made believe go down stairs, but I guess he's at the door this moment. Lie down! Be asleep! Hallo, there; Leek Treadwell, remember!"

The boys obeyed. At the same moment Abel blew out his lamp, and crying "Hi! hi! old Halibut!" flung his pillow at Green Muddock. Muddock jumped up in the dark and shouted and whirled his back again. While it was yet flying through the room, Mr. Gray, who had returned, as Abel had suspected, to a station just outside, opened the door suddenly, lamp in hand.

Leek Treadwell remembered. Whack! went his pillow. Out went the lamp, and tumbled on the floor. One step forward made Mr. Gray in the darkness, half angry and confused. His foot caught in the cord—down he tumbled on the floor. It was all in a twinkling.

"An attack! an attack! boys, here are the fellows from Number Six!" shouted Abel, as he jumped out of bed and banged the prostrate Uncle Savory with his bolster. "Join in! join in! here's the leader; let him have it! Death to the sixers!" cried he, and the eager, laughing crew sprang to his side. They all hit at once, shouting and talking so as to drown any remonstrance. The volley was incessant, and poor Uncle Savory was almost smothered as he lay.

"I know him, though 'tis dark," cried Abel; "it's old Green Muddock. You lubber—you lout—did you think you could catch the seveners? Pay on, boys, pay on! Let 'em have it!"

"Boys!" shouted Mr. Gray, in the dark, from the floor.

"Oh yes; we know all about that," cried Abel; "we've heard that before."

Whack! whack! resounded the pillows.

"What fun! cracky, what fun!" cried the smaller boys, eager and trembling, but half afraid, as the battle went on.

"Boys, don't you know me?" roared Mr. Gray.

"Oh yes, perfectly," replied Abel. "You'd better try to talk like Mr. Gray. No you don't, young man. He's asleep down stairs;" and he played away upon the enemy with unflagging vigor.

The feathers flew. The dust arose and filled the lungs of the warriors, who coughed, and laughed, and struck until they were ready to fall with their weapons. They settled many an old score in that darkness with good old Uncle Savory. He, meanwhile, had struggled up, and pushing his way among the pillows to the door, threw it open. The light from the entry streamed by him into the room. No excuse or subterfuge was longer possible. The boys could see him plainly enough. His coat was off, and his waistcoat; and dreadful was his air of wrath.

"Gracious, Mr. Gray! *You!* Why, Sir, how is this? What does it mean? We thought it was Green Muddock come in to pillow us," said Abel, in the most naturally astonished way in the world.

"Why, Mr. Gray!" echoed the chorus.

"Silence!" cried he; "go to bed, every one of you. And mind! you shall hear of this, all of you!"

Mr. Gray did not dare to trust himself to say any thing more. He went down stairs, and Abel seated himself upon the side of a bed.

"All those boys who think Uncle Savory has had his deserts will hold up their right hands," said he, in such droll mimicry of the well-known phrase and manner that the tired combatants rolled with delight upon the beds.

Then they crept off, and Abel, as the others fell asleep around him, lay reflecting upon this most eventful day.

"It is odd," thought he, smiling, "that I should have paid off both of them together. I hope I shall always be able to settle my accounts as easily. If I am to leave school soon, I must begin my sketching at Pinewood to-morrow."

Then his mind wandered into a maze of doubts and speculations, in the midst of which he fell asleep.

OUR SPECIAL PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

The Flowering of the Lilacs—Provincials at Paris—Turf watered with Champagne—The War Spirit in France—Guizot and Thiers on the Situation—Concert at Rothschild's—Le Pardon de Ploermel—Fashions in Sleeves—The loveliest "Mortal Mixture of Earth's Mould"—Steeple-chases at La Marche—Exhibition of Modern Paintings, etc.

Paris, *April* 14, 1859.

The time has been, since I have known Paris, when in writing this date I should be reminded that the Paris season was drawing to a close; that farewell visits were being paid and farewell dinners exchanged, preparatory to every one's going into the country for the 1st of May, for "the flowering of the lilacs," as it was called; but now this has all changed, and the French have taken the English habit in this respect. Few persons leave Paris before the end of June, nor do they return until the end of December. Thus, though the lilacs are in full bloom, no one has thought of enjoying them any where but in the gardens of the Tuileries. Then, too, the festival of Easter falls later this year than it has done before since we were any of us born; and as no one of the higher classes marry in Lent, there are all the aristocratic marriages to come off next month, besides all the fêtes and balls, and which could in no way be crowded into the Carnival. So Paris is very full; for in addition we have the numerous purchasers and sight-seers from the country—those unmistakable provincials who fill up the streets and the dining-tables of the restaurants, and seem so heartily to enjoy themselves, realizing, probably, the cherished wish of their whole lives in a visit to Paris.

I was the other day behind a party of these, who were standing looking into the reserved part of the garden of the Tuileries, where there is a terrace which has been made to produce, in a marvelously short time, the most luxuriant turf—such as never before has been seen out of England—which is known "to be lovely in its fadeless green." These good folks were admiring it very much, and wondering how it could be made to grow so well; and another said, quite seriously,

"They say it is because it is watered with *vin de Champagne*."

"It is not possible!" said a third. "But let us ask the gardener." And they called to a laborer who was watering the grass and put the question. The charm of the thing was in the man's comical expression of face as he answered, knowing well with whom he had to deal,

"No, it is not *every* day with *vin de Champagne*; only once a week."

Now this I heard myself; so it is *vero* as well as *ben trovato*.

The Imperial family have left the Tuileries for one of their country residences. The Emperor's health is again spoken of as giving much cause for anxiety, and it must be tried by this critical state of political affairs. Not but that the dislike to the idea of war is fast diminishing among the French. They are so essentially a military nation, that though at first prudential and shop-keeping considerations seemed to prevail, these are gradually giving way before the seductive promise and prospect of military triumphs. Then again the united cry of defiance with which the whole of Germany has met the French pretension of interfering with the possessions of one of their confederates has found an answering spirit in France, and the old battle-fields and the old battle-cries are not so far removed from this generation that their influence is not still to be felt. I dare say the Emperor, who so well understands the people he governs, calculated all this; and now, if he was allowed by the other European powers, he could lead this whole nation to adopt his views, which it violently opposed three months ago.

I recur thus to politics because they are now so engrossing and exciting that my letter would not faithfully reflect the aspect of things did I not do so. Every evening party assumes quite the air of a political club, for all the men gather around the one, two, or three of the circle whom past experience or great mental qualifications invest with a certain authority at such times; and then the ladies approach too, many of them really worthy to listen, and others pretending to be so. I have in this way had the pleasure of hearing Berryer, Guizot, and Thiers discourse upon "*la situation*," as it is called; not to name others who are less well known.

I have been to more concerts in the week—one at the Rothschild's, another at the Duchesse de G——ta's—but I have already said all there was to be said of such entertainments; and really at this season one becomes so surfeited with sweet sounds that one might almost wish that one's ideas of heaven could for a time be disconnected from them.

Then, too, we have had the excitement of another new opera, this time at the Opera Comique, called "*Le Pardon de Ploermel*," the composer Meyerbeer. I was not at the first representation, which is described as having been an extraordinary scene of enthusiasm, the Emperor and Empress applauding and encoring from their box, and the composer sent for to receive a perfect storm of congratulations. In the midst of it telegraphic dispatches were sent off to all the capitals of Europe to describe this success; and I dare say if your Atlantic cable had not come to grief you would have had one at New York. I witnessed the fourth representation, and I must say there is reason to be pleased. There are some most enchanting melodies, and it is destined to great and lasting popularity. I suppose that before this letter is read you will have this music in New York—that wonderful city which seems always to have one *eye* and one *ear* open to all that comes from Europe and the others upon its own vast American world, of which it is the metropolis.

The thought of this has brought up the recollection of an omission I was guilty of in my previous letter, relating to the feminine fashions, which was that I said nothing of the change in the fashion of the sleeves! It is decided and unswerving!—tight to the arm, fitted to the elbow they are and must be hereafter. Happily the wide sleeves admit of being transposed into these, so my forgetfulness will not have totally misled any one. I am pleased at this change, for it was the fashion that prevailed in my youthful days, and in which fancy recalls all the "Marys" and "Julias" of that romantic time.

Of one of these I have never seen the loveliness equaled in any other "mortal mixture of earth's mould," and it was only when I went to Italy and saw the lovely heads of Corregio, and the graceful shapes in which antique art has left us its impersonation of the ideal of beauty, that I have beheld aught since to remind me of her. The graceful head and its curling brown tresses—the low, straight forehead and the blue, bluest eyes, so laughing and so loving—the long throat and firm, round bust—the lithe and springing form! Yes, such an one was born among you, my countrymen; but I do not think you had the taste to appreciate her as she was worthy to be, for she was not won by one of us, and she lies now in the grave, after some twenty years of life, swept out of existence in its prime, but never to be forgotten. And all this, old fool that I am, I have inflicted upon you, apropos of this return to the "tight sleeves."

I do not say any thing to you of the steeple-chases at La Marche, which are part of the programme of Parisian spring life, and which attract all the gay crowd of fashion in splendid equipages, sometimes with four and even six horses, for I acknowledge (old Parisian as I am) to never going to a race-course on a Sunday, which is the day almost always chosen here for that amusement. No, I like better going to church twice, in the sober fashion of my fathers. Nor do I care much for French sport or sportsmen, excepting to laugh at them. It is such a clumsy imitation of English supremacy in these matters, and the slang and the jargon of it seem so little understood, even by those who make use of them, and there seems so much pretension in the whole thing, that I rather turn away from it. I know that the French have some capital horses now, and that in two instances, last year, the principal English races were won by these; but there always seems something forced and unnatural in this taste for English sports which has grown up of late years in France. It is something like the Clubs, which they take well to now, and their number daily increases; but a member of "The Union," which is composed of half French and half English, told me that when it was proposed to get it up they could not make the French understand the *use* of it. They would ask if there would be no "*representation*," "something to look at," "some play performed."

We shall have, next week, the exhibition of modern pictures opened in the Crystal Palace, which will, perhaps, give me something to interest your readers, for this is rather a stupid letter, and this is a stupid season, the interregnum between winter and summer and the last weeks of Lent, when every one seems only bent upon church-going and repentance, and nothing is heard but the discussion of the merits of favorite preachers, who preach, some of them, three sermons in a day. *Au revoir.*

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Self-made Men.—Columbus was a weaver. Franklin was a journeyman printer. Masillon, as well as Fletcher, arose amidst the humblest vocations. Niebuhr was a peasant. Sixtus V. was employed in keeping swine. Rollin was the son of a cutler. Ferguson and Burns, Scottish poets, were shepherds. Æsop was a slave. Homer was a beggar. Daniel Defoe was apprenticed to a hosier. Demosthenes was the son of a cutler. Hogarth an engraver of pewter pots. Virgil was the son of a baker. Gay was an apprentice to a silk-mercer. Ben Jonson was a bricklayer. Porson was the son of a parish clerk. Prideaux was employed to sweep Exeter College. Akenside was the son of a butcher. Pope was the son of a merchant. Cervantes was a common soldier. Gifford and Bloomfield were shoemakers. Howard was apprenticed to a grocer. Halley was the son of a soap-boiler. Richard Arkwright was a barber for a number of years.

A gentleman in the city advertised a few days since in the *Times* for a boy. The next morning, on arriving at his office, he found in front of the door a bandbox, with this inscription on it: "Will this one answer?" On opening it, he found a nice fat specimen of the article which he advertised for, warmly done up in flannel.

The Power of Opinion.—Men are harassed, not by things themselves, but by opinions respecting them.—*Epictetus.*

Hospitality.—Measure not thy entertainment of a guest by his estate, but thine own. Because he is a lord forget not that thou art but a gentleman; otherwise, if with feasting him thou breakest thyself, he will not cure thy rupture, and, perchance, rather deride than pity thee. —*Fuller.*

Good-Nature.—Good-nature is more agreeable in conversation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance, which is more amiable than beauty. It shows virtue in the fairest light; takes off, in some measure, from the deformity of vice; and makes our folly and impertinence supportable.—*Addison.*

THE A B C OF THE FIRST BALL OF THE SEASON.

A was an Angel of blushing eighteen,
B is the Ball at which first she was seen;
C is the Chaperon that cheated at cards;
D is the Deux-temps with Frank in the Guards;
E is the Eye that its long lashes cover,
F is the Fan it peep'd wickedly over;
G is the Glove of superlative kid,
H is the Hand it provokingly hid;
I is the Ice that tired nature demanded,
J is the Juvenile that hasten'd to hand it;
K is the Kerchief, a rare work of art,
L is the Lace that composed its best part;
M is an old Maid that watch'd the girls dance;
N is the Nose she turn'd up at each glance;
O is the Olga, then just in its prime;
P is the Partner that wouldn't keep time;
Q 's the Quadrille, let us hope 'twas the Lancers,
R 's the Remarks that were made on the dancers;
S is the Supper they went to in pairs,
T is the Twaddle they talk'd on the stairs;
U is the Uncle that thought "we'd be going,"
V is the Voice the young lady said "no" in;
W is the Waiter who sat up till eight,
X is his Exit, which wasn't quite straight;
Y is the Yawning-fit after the ball;
Z stands for Zero, and that's nothing at all.

"I saw an excellent thing in your pamphlet," said Daniel O'Connell to a young writer.

"Eh? What, Sir?" was the eager rejoinder.

"A penny bun, my friend."

"You will see my face no more," said a romantic young lady to her friends.

"Ah! miss, are you going to *dye?*"

A Candid and Conscientious Witness.—A witness, on entering the box, had a Testament presented to him, but he declined to be sworn. Being asked his reasons for refusing, he naively replied, "I'll tell a lie wi' ony men i' England, but I'll not swear to it."

A Retort Courteous.—One day, at the table of Cardinal Richelieu, Bautru, seeking to amuse him, inquired of one of the strangers present, "Monsieur, excuse me, but how did they value asses in your country when you set forth?" "Those of your weight and size," was the happy retort, "at ten crowns."

Absurdities of Fashion.—The Dauphiness of Auvergne, wife to Louis the Good, Duke of Bourbon, born 1360, is painted in a garb of which one half all the way down is blue, powdered with gold fleur-de-lys, and the other half to the waist is gold, with a blue fish or dolphin (a cognizance, doubtless) on it, and from the waist to the feet is crimson, with white "fishy" ornaments; one sleeve is blue and gold, the other crimson and gold. In addition to these absurd garments, the women dressed their heads so high that they were obliged to wear a sort of curved horn on each side, in order to support the enormous superstructure of feathers and furbelows. And these are what are meant by the "horned head-dresses" so often referred to in old authors. It is said that when Isabel of Bavaria kept her court at Vincennes, A.D. 1416, it was necessary to make all the doors of the palace both higher and wider, to admit the head-dresses of the Queen and her ladies, which were all of this horned kind.

The Advantage of Good Breeding.—Virtue and talents, though allowed their due consideration, yet are not enough to procure a man a welcome wherever he comes. Nobody contents himself with rough diamonds, or wears them so. When polished and set, then they give a lustre.—Locke.

"Our" Maxims.—Truth is like a cork; you may keep it down while you put a pressure upon it, but it is sure to come up to the surface at last.

True Artists.—A French bonnet-maker told a customer who complained of the price demanded for a new bonnet, "Consider, madam, it cost me three sleepless nights merely to imagine it!"

QUOTATIONS FOR DINERS-OUT.

Preferring sense *from chin that's bare*
To nonsense throned in whisker'd hair!

A Conceited Man.—For my part, I think he is welly like a cock as thinks the sun's rose o' purpose to hear him crow.—Adam Bede.

An Opinion on the Fashions.—"My son," said an old turbaned Turk, one day, taking his child by the hand in the streets of Cairo, and pointing out to him on the opposite side a Frenchman just imported, in all the elegance of Parisian costume; "my son, look there! If you ever forget God and the Prophet, you may come to *look like that!*"

Proper Color for a Policeman's Attire.—*Invisible green!*

A Hint upon Dress.—He that wears a tight boot is likely to have a narrow understanding.

Love, like a wart, is of gradual growth, and the older it is the more difficult to get rid of.

A dandy, who had a "splendid" mustache, being asked at a party to favor the ladies with a song, replied that he "really—aw—couldn't recollect the tune." A beauty, who was near, exclaimed, "Oh, dear, how can that be, when the hair (*air*) is hanging on your very lip?" She has been since married to him—served her right for her impudence.

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Yours, very truly,
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Rockbridge Alum Springs, Va.

ROUTES TO THE SPRINGS—FACILITY OF ACCESS.

This celebrated watering-place, although situated in the mountains of Virginia, 160 miles West of Richmond, and 40 Southwest of Staunton, is now brought, by the Virginia Central Railroad, within easy access of the Atlantic seaboard, and is the first of all the Western Springs reached by the traveler. The cars now run within five miles of it.

Thus it is brought within 24 hours of New York—and the Northern passenger, leaving Baltimore, or Washington, or Alexandria in the morning, and the Southern, breakfasting in Richmond, take tea the same evening at the Rockbridge Springs.

☞ Let the Northern traveler be careful *not* to go as far South as Richmond, but, from Washington City, take the *Alexandria and Orange Railroad* to Gordonsville, which there connects with the Central.

The Southern visitor, to reach this place by the shortest and cheapest route, must be careful to come as far North as Richmond, making that a point whence he will come by the Central cars. From the Southwest it is approached by the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad to Buford's or Lynchburg.

The *Natural Bridge* being in the same county with this Spring, and to which it gives its name, is an object of great attraction to the visitors.

Medical Properties of the Water.

For 30 years or more these Springs (without any other sort of advertising than that afforded by the visitors themselves, who have either experienced or witnessed the cures wrought by them) have gradually extended their fame throughout Virginia and the South. This mountainous region is remarkable for the number and variety of its mineral and thermal waters, and it is no disparagement to the very best of them to say that, for extent and variety of its applicability to disease, and its potency in many of the worst and most obstinate maladies, it stands without a rival.

The Proprietors have great pleasure in presenting the following letters from distinguished gentlemen of different States and professions. The first is from Dr. Cartwright, of New Orleans, whose eminent medical character, no less than his personal familiarity with the leading Mineral Springs of Europe and this country, stamps his opinion with the highest authority.

Dr. Cartwright's Letter.

NEW ORLEANS, July 28, 1855.

DEAR SIR:

Names are something, and the name "*Alum*," given to the Rockbridge *Acidulous Ferruginous Springs*, is a misnomer, as it conveys the erroneous idea that their medicinal virtues are chiefly owing to the alum they contain; whereas, the water, in addition to the alum, contains nearly every medical substance of the most celebrated Mineral Springs of Europe. Why not, therefore, give it a name that would not lead to error? Why not drop the word *alum* and call it simply Rockbridge water? The Tunbridge water may, with as much propriety, be called *table-salt* water as yours *alum*. Common salt and alum can be had any where; no need of going to Tunbridge or Rockbridge to get one or the other. But the Tunbridge and the Rockbridge waters both contain a number of other substances, as protoxide of iron and the salts of lime, magnesia, and soda, with more or less carbonic acid. Besides containing all the principal ingredients found in the Tunbridge and Bath Mineral Springs of England, so celebrated for scrofulous affections and many chronic ailments, your Rockbridge water agrees with that of Aix la Chapelle in containing silicic acid. It hardly needs to be added, that the water of the Aix la Chapelle Springs, internally and externally used, has long been famous for the cure of chronic rheumatism. The styptic taste, transparency, and inodorous character of the acidulous ferruginous waters of Rockbridge County, Virginia, attracted invalids to use them, as the same sensible qualities in the Bath waters attracted the Romans soon after the conquest of England.

Although inodorous and transparent, the Rockbridge water has a blackish and rather repulsive appearance in the Springs. In this it agrees with the mineral waters of Bagneres, in Upper Garonne, which comes out from a mountain of a similar geological formation with the mountain in the vicinity of the Rockbridge Springs. The Bagneres water has long been very popular for the cure of stiffness of the limbs, lymphatic congestions, engorgements of the joints, paralysis, dyspepsia, chronic catarrhs, and chlorosis. The Rockbridge water has every ingredient in it that the most careful analysis has discovered in the Viche water. It contains less carbonic acid than the Viche water, but is richer in every thing else. It could easily be charged with more carbonic acid, artificially, if that were desirable. The Viche water is highly recommended for engorgements of the liver and spleen, biliary concretions, diseases of the kidneys, fluor albus, and chronic disfigurements of the skin, caused by diseased viscera.

The Springs of Spa, in Ouertha, so celebrated throughout Europe for chronic nephrites, calculous affections, leuchorrea, visceral catarrhs, and debility of the digestive organs, contain no other substances than those found by analysis in the water of the Rockbridge Springs, and might, with as much propriety, be called *Alum Spring*, as they hold in solution a considerable quantity of alum.

The waters of Passy, so useful in languor of the digestive system, and in the cure of scorbutic affections, visceral engorgements, passive hemorrhages, as menorrhagia, piles, &c., hold in solution the sulphate of lime, sulphate of magnesia, alumina, chloride of sodium, and the peroxide of iron, all of which are found in much larger proportions (fully three times as much) in the Rockbridge Springs—the latter Springs containing the iron in the form of a *protoxide*, a much milder and safer salt than the *peroxide* of the Passy water.

In truth, I know of no water in Europe or America so rich in medical substances as that of the Rockbridge Springs. My attention was first attracted to it some fifteen years ago, by observing that the sojourners at the Rockbridge Springs were generally composed of invalids from Virginia, while those at the other Springs were mostly from distant parts of the Union, more in search of pleasure than health. Most of these other Springs in the Virginia mountains have a deservedly high reputation for the efficacy of their water in a variety of chronic ailments, but I am satisfied that the Rockbridge Springs have not yet attained that wide celebrity they deserve, from the circumstance of their being regarded as merely *Alum* Springs, instead of being seen in their true light as the richest of all that class of Mineral Springs known as the *acidulous ferruginous*—a class of mineral waters to which the most famous Springs of the world belong.

Respectfully, your obd't serv't,

SAM'L A. CARTWRIGHT.

To *Wm. Frazier, Esq.*,
Alum Springs, Rockbridge County, Va.

Extracts from a Letter of REV. JAMES W. ALEXANDER, D.D., *of New York, published in the New York Observer, July,* 1855.

THE ALUM SPRINGS OF VIRGINIA.—Much as has been said about the mineral and fontal wealth of Virginia, the readers of the *Observer* may still receive some new information concerning the Springs named above. As being among the latest resorts in these extraordinary mountains, they have been less frequently described than some others. My observation will apply principally to the Rockbridge Spring, as it is this only at which I have remained any considerable time. And my reason for asking a place in your columns at all, is my belief that these waters are eminently fitted to relieve thousands of sufferers, whose case is seldom reached by artificial medicines.

The Rockbridge Alum Springs is in the same county with the famous Natural Bridge, but, in the Northern part, on the high road between Lexington and the celebrated Warm Springs, being about twenty miles from the latter. Though alum exists in large measure, and gives the predominant taste to the water, the medicinal qualities of the Spring are by no means due to this agent alone. There are also present, free sulphuric acid, protoxide of iron, and the sulphates of potash, lime, and magnesia. But neither this statement, nor the elaborate analyses of Professors Rogers and Hayes, in any degree account for the manifest effects of the water. Indeed, it is well known, that agents which are inert or hurtful in the hands of the pharmaceutist, possess a great power as proceeding from nature's laboratory. The same nominal combinations result in widely different things—thus (to borrow an example) the union of nitrogen and oxygen make, in one proportion, the air we breathe; in another, nitrous oxide; and in a third, nitric acid. It is only on empirical grounds, therefore, that we judge Mineral Springs to have such and such effects. In the case of the Alum Springs these effects are as strong and potent as in any yet reported, and the benefit has been derived by classes of sufferers who have had least advantage from the faculty.

Many years ago it was known by hunters that an Alum Spring broke out of these cliffs. Long before any houses were erected, people who had ulcers, tetters, salt rheum, scrofula, and other skin affections, used to come here and encamp. The next step was to rear log cabins; and now, at length, for several years, it has been a place of general resort.

A dish-like vale, or basin, in the midst of hard but picturesque ridges, contains these fountains, which issue from five chambers hewn in the rock, at the base of a cliff of slate, so bared as to expose the sloping strata for many square feet below, while it is surmounted by a crest of green forest. A spacious area of green, within a circular drive, is begirt by a number of brick cottages, here called cabins; but there are other houses of greater extent. The verdure is rich, and the views of the North mountain and the Western wall of the Great Valley, and of some lesser ridges, are pleasing. It is one of the singular advantages of these Virginian watering-places, that, by walking for three minutes, you can plunge yourself at once into glens and tangled wilds. The amphitheatre around a chalybeate spring, for instance, is thronged with fine trees and enriched with a luxuriant flora. The rhododendron is, indeed, no longer in bloom, but the scarlet-wood lily, the fragrant *pyrala maculata*, the *mitchella repens*, embroidering whole banks, and a variegated collection of yellow, red, and orange fungi and lichens, reward the easy pursuit.

The alum waters (for the Springs vary in character) are found useful in a number of diseases. The statement of Dr. Christian, of Richmond, is published as follows:

"They are an invaluable remedy in the cure of all scrofulous and cutaneous diseases, lupus, and other malignant ulcerations of the mouth and throat, chronic diseases of the digestive organs, dyspepsia, diseases of the liver, chronic diarrhœa, scrofulous affections of the mesentery and peritoneum, diseases of the urinary organs, diabetes, chronic inflammation and irritation of the kidneys, bladder and urethra, diseases peculiar to females, amenorrhea, dysmenorrhea, leuchorrhea, menorrhagia, chronic inflammation and ulceration of the uterus, hemorrhoids, all hemorrhagic affections of a passive character, and all enemic conditions of the system, and broken-down states of the constitution, whether resulting from the imprudent use of medicine, or the errors of youth. In all diseases of the glandular system, whether of inflammation, induration, or deficient secretion, it has no superior, if an equal, as a curative agent; restoring the secretions generally to a healthy condition, particularly those of the liver, skin, and kidneys, whether deficient, excessive, or of bad quality. Its purgative action is characterized by copious bilious discharges, very similar to those produced by mercurials.

"As a remedy in all depraved conditions of the constitution, involving, as their diseases necessarily do, an unhealthy condition of the blood, we know of no agent that has performed such astonishing cures; thus it is that it has cured scrofula in all its stages and worst forms, with its kindred affections. Acting as a purgative or astringent, according to the quantity taken, it cures with equal facility diseases of the alimentary canal, whether attended with constipation or diarrhœa. Unlike most other mineral waters, it retains its curative properties at all seasons of the year, and, when sent away in barrels or bottles, possesses most or all its medicinal virtues."

One or two surprising cases were pointed out to us at the spot. A lady has been in the same building with us, who, though much disfigured, is a marvel in respect to recovery. Scrofulous ulcerations had so eaten into her system as to destroy half the upper jaw-bone, several of the small bones, and the entire nose. Beginning in 1847, she had visited the Alum Springs for eight years, and is perfectly cured. Dr. Mibane, of North Carolina, testifies that he has been in like manner freed from a cancerous or cancroid sore on the nose, which had baffled all medical and surgical treatment. Startling instances of the cure of dyspepsia and chronic diarrhœa are occurring every year. These waters are not a *nostrum;* every body sees and knows all about them. They are not a *quack medicine;* the regular faculty exhibit them under due guards and cautions. We have felt it to be a duty to increase, so far as we could, the public knowledge of these fountains.

The retreat is truly delightful; the company is usually grave and reputable, and the proprietors afford all facilities for the maintenance of divine service on the Lord's day.

From DR. GRAHAM, *late President of the Virginia Board of Public Works.*

"The Rockbridge Alum Springs began to attract attention about the year 1830; persons from the adjacent country were in the habit of visiting them and camping out, sleeping for weeks in their wagons and rude huts, that they might avail themselves of the virtue of these waters in the cure of eruptive and cutaneous diseases. They were found very efficacious in the cure of obstinate and indolent ulcers, among them many of a scrofulous character were entirely relieved.

"In consequence of these successful cures the reputation of the waters gradually spread, and persons laboring under other diseases were induced to give them a trial. The result has been that the Rockbridge Alum Springs have been found to possess more remedial virtue, curing more obstinate and inveterate cases than the waters of any known Mineral Springs.

"As a cure for Scrofula or King's Evil in its various stages their reputation is now established; whether appearing in small, flat pustules about the mouth and ears of children—in opthalmic inflammation—in enlargement and ulceration of the glands and neck, the result has been the same. Many cases of that obstinate, and heretofore incurable species, called Lupus, have been thoroughly and radically cured.

"Dyspepsia, in its various stages, with all its train of horrible nervous symptoms, has been, in innumerable instances, relieved, and many cases effectually and permanently cured.

"Chronic diarrhœa, after exhausting the best medical skill, has been compelled to yield to the curative powers of these waters.

"In no class of diseases have their powers been more signally manifested than in those peculiar to the female constitution. In hemorrhages, whether from the lungs or otherwise, these waters have given immediate and permanent relief. Their immediate and direct operation is that of a stimulating diuretic and cathartic. When used for a considerable length of time, their alterative effect is very apparent. Cases of great debility and prostration of the system, from whatever cause originating, will find the tonic properties of these waters refreshing and restorative.

"The reputation of these Springs is daily increasing, every year adding to the list of remarkable cures they have effected. The visitors who frequent them outnumber those of any other Mineral Springs in the State, only excepting the White Sulphur."

Extracts from Letter from REV. DR. HALL, *of Trenton, N. J.*

This Spring suffers disadvantage from the imperfect designation given in its name. The predominant taste is of alum, which is the largest ingredient of the mixture; but with it are combined iron, lime, magnesia, sodium, soda, ammonia, and potash, and the chief solvents are sulphuric and carbonic acids. It seems to be admitted by chemical and medical men that the best analysis may have failed to detect some of its most potent constituents. Certain it is that the use of the water produces greater and more varied results upon the human system, diseased or healthy, than can be accounted for from any analogy in the ordinary exhibition of the same materials.

To the intelligence of the plain observer, the arrangement describes itself as a mass of some of the most efficacious substances which the laboratory of a kind Providence has prepared for the relief of human ailments, heaped together in this spot, and their combined virtues soaked out of them by the springs of the mountains and the rain of the clouds.

The diseases for which the Rockbridge Spring is resorted to are all the scrofulous and cutaneous varieties, chronic dyspepsia, diseases of the glandular system, disordered state of the secretions in general. It has cured bad cases of bronchitis and sore throat, and its tonic and alterative properties have sent away many "walking, and leaping, and praising God," who came in the most desponding condition of debility.

At this date we have about 350 boarders. Families are comfortably accommodated in the admirable Virginian plan of separate brick cottages, surrounding a lawn of several acres. The North and Mill Mountains skirt the plain in which this retreat lies hidden, and seem to overhang it with their unbroken forests of oak and pine. The seclusion is as entire and romantic as can be desired by any one who would enjoy for a few weeks, while it may still be found what was once understood as "the country." The railway is, indeed, creeping onward. It now actually climbs the great mountain ridge—the locomotive dragging up its train through the stupendous passage of the Rockfish Gap; but it will keep at a distance of five miles from this nest in the wilderness.

Out of reach of church and pastor, as we are, we have not been without the privileges of public worship; and pleasant it is to unite in these quiet and sublime scenes with our countrymen from every quarter, and with Christians of every name, under the softening influences of a common faith and common afflictions, in the holy observances of the Lord's own day.

The following valuable letter is from DR. MOORMAN, long the resident physician at the White Sulphur Springs, and author of the well-known work on the Mineral Springs of Virginia, a new edition of which is now in press.

OAKWOOD, March 24, 1857.

MY DEAR SIR:

I have received the pamphlet you were so kind as to send me. I thank you for the opportunity of examining it. It contains much valuable matter in elucidation of the peculiar efficacy of the Rockbridge Alum Waters in various obstinate diseases, and of which I shall avail myself in my forthcoming volume. Not that such information has afforded me, *personally*, any new light as to the efficacy of that water in the cases given. I had fully appreciated it in all such cases before, and have long spoken of the Spring as holding a deservedly high rank among the mineral waters of the *world*. But, as affording concurrent testimony, the pamphlet is valuable to me as an author.

It is a matter of no little importance that the public should be fully apprised of the remarkable influence exerted by the Rockbridge Alum Waters in strumous diseases especially. *They* have long stood as a reproach to our profession, and never but in these waters has a remedy been found that deserves the name of a *specific* for their cure.

If the opinion I have expressed in my volume on this subject can, in your judgment, be in any wise useful in increasing or confirming the public confidence in the value and efficacy of the water as a healing agent, it is, of course, very much at your service.

I commenced to write but a line of thanks for your pamphlet, and have spun out a letter.

Very respectfully, your ob't serv't,

J. J. MOORMAN.

To *Wm. Frazier, Esq.*

Extract from DR. MOORMAN'S *New Work on the Mineral Waters of Virginia, page* 276, *et seq.*

"The immediate effects of these waters, under their full and kindly influences upon the system, are those of a febrifuge tonic; resembling the action of some of our best vegetable medicines of that class; but superior to them from their specific tendency to the bowels and kidneys.

"By their diffusible astringent and tonic powers they resolve the congestions of engorged viscera, and remove subacute inflammations; thus releasing and giving activity to the fluids, they fill up the superficial capillaries and veins, and give a full, slow pulse, with a warm surface and soft skin.

"They purge, mildly, perhaps, two thirds of the persons that use them freely. Their action upon the *kidneys* is generally prompt, sure, and sometimes active. Their action upon the *skin* is secondary, and is the result of their sanative action upon the blood-vessels and internal organs, by resolving inflammation and congestions,—and hence, is always to be regarded as a favorable indication in the case.

"Experience has fully shown that these waters are very efficaciously prescribed in many diseases of the *skin* and glandular system; *lupus*, and other malignant ulcerations of the mouth and throat, have been cured by them.

"In various chronic affections of the digestive organs, either simple or implicating the liver, they are advantageously used.

"They are very valuable in *mesenteric* affections, particularly in persons, old or young, of scorbutic tendencies.

"In *chronic diarrhœa* they display speedy and happy effects.

"Being prompt and active as a diuretic, when judiciously used, they are found very beneficial in *chronic irritations*, and *debility* of the *kidney, bladder*, and *urethra*.

"To several of the affections commonly known as *female diseases* they are very happily adapted. In *leucorrhœa*, as would readily be inferred from their composition, they are an admirable remedy, often curing that disease although it has been a complaint of long standing. In *menorrhagia*, unattended with plethora of the blood-vessels, and with the system in a condition to bear tonics, they may be prescribed with great confidence. In *amenorrhœa* and *dismenorrhœa*, where a phlogosed state of the system does not contra-indicate the use of mineral tonics, they may be used to eminent advantage. In the *chlorotic* condition of the female system generally, and especially when the tendency is great to *paucity* or *poverty of blood*, the waters will be used to much advantage.

"In *anæmic* conditions generally, and in cases of debility and loss of tone in the nervous system, they may be administered with much confidence.

"*Bronchitis*, when in connection with a strumous diathesis, may be treated by these waters to great advantage; in such cases it will be found to be one of our best remedies.

"In *Gastralgia*, or nervous dyspepsia, they often act most kindly and effectively, by changing the action of the mucous membrane, and relieving it of its subacute irritation.

"They actively promote the appetite and invigorate the digestive powers.

"But it is especially in *Scrofula* that these waters have won their highest honors and established a reputation, not only among the best mineral waters of this country, but of the world. Their happy combination of tonic, alterative, diuretic, and aperient qualities, render them an efficient remedy in many of the ills of humanity; but especially in the various forms of *strumous* disease, and even their worst forms, they merit confidence and deserve praise. In this formidable class of affections, whether exhibiting itself in the hardened and enlarged glands, and in ulcerations in children—in opthalmic inflammations; in mesenteric indurations, or in its more intense and pervading development of adult life, they have been extensively used, and generally with great benefit to the sufferers."

If *invalids* who really need the waters would consult their own best interests, they would not defer their visit till the crowded months of July and August, but would, if possible, come in April, May, and June, when they can be so much better cared for and attended to. The water is never used to better advantage than in the spring and early summer months, while there never has been a year, in the history of this watering-place, in which the accommodations for visitors equaled the demand for places.

While its value as a medicinal agent is well established in the South, it has been the aim of the proprietors to render it more and more attractive to the social, refined and cultivated people who annually, more and more, seek its quiet shades. They are willing to spare no reasonable pains or expense in catering for the tastes of such; and, besides billiards, and new bowling-saloons, both for ladies and gentlemen, they have engaged a superior band from New York to furnish music as well for the lawn as the ball-room.

The water bottled at the spring is kept constantly on hand and for sale by

Hegeman & Co., druggists, New York; *Blair & Wyeth*, druggists, Philadelphia; *Coleman & Rodgers*, druggists, Baltimore; *Fisher & Winston*, Richmond, Va.; *A. B. Rucker*, Lynchburg, Va.; *Haviland, Clark & George*, Mobile, Ala.; and *James Symes*, New Orleans. It may be ordered from any of these houses with perfect confidence in its purity and freshness.

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